

Mr. Louis I. Benson
cordially
S. N. Patten
FOLK LOVE

**A Union of Religious, Patriotic and
Social Sentiment**

By **SIMON N. PATTEN**

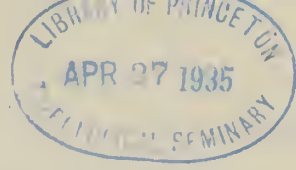
In vain we lift our voice in song,
In vain we strive to rise;
Unless we journey with the throng
With them reach Paradise.

Price 50 cents

Published by **B. W. HUEBSCH** *New York*

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EXPLANATION

Song has infinite possibilities of which the masters of music have used but few. It can not be said that we do not have songs nor that the superior fail according to the standards of the time in which they were written. But thought changes and with it song must alter its form.

What is the new thought to which song must give expression and what are the requirements it must face? It takes a bit of philosophy to answer, since a change has come in national psychology, as well as in thought. The old stimuli have lost their force, old entrances to the soul have been blocked; new methods of approach must be sought. This is not to be wondered at when we see the great vironal reconstruction which modern advance has made. The race has moved from a southern to a northern habitat; our thought processes are controlled by those who work and not by those who exploit; leisure and white hands are no longer a badge of honor; men of muscle override those of delicate sense perception. Hence a transformation of society from a patriarchal basis to modern mob democracy which must be raised by its own impulses and not by defective leisure class traditions.

Ancient civilization was controlled by men of acute sensory perception, while with us a motor type have acquired an undisputed supremacy. The slaves of yesterday are the masters to-day, while the masters have sunk to the rôle of fault-finding critics. This means that work is the only honorable means of survival and its agent is the arm that strikes not the nerve that shocks. Even the faces of men have altered to meet this situation. If the lower jaw recedes behind the upper the type is sensory; if it projects the motor predominates. Men are either sense dull or sense acute, the jaw and the cheek are their indices.

This seems a long way from the problem of song, but the transition is easily made by a change of language. Songs are of two sorts, wish songs and shock songs. Wish songs have no unity except that which lies in the background of the subconscious. There is always something coming thru which is never quite expressed. Vague and hazy when measured by sensory standards, inadequate when judged by the canons of logic, they have an unreality to the sense realist and a dull color which seems to indicate a lack of beauty. Dreams are not

facts nor are they pictures. They are yearnings of what is below the sensory level, wishes that are never fulfilled, cravings which the vision can never satisfy. Songs are truly songs only as they reflect the subconscious, which the senses are always trying to thwart and suppress. Poetry may be sensory reflecting fore-conscious activity, but song is sound, not color. It voices a lower, more primitive level where emotion is stronger but less definite than the world of color and words. They are the superstructure needed for adjustment, but not the soul that beats a wild, untamed pulse.

In all the persecutions of the subconscious, modern religion excels. This suppression and distortion is seen not merely in church morality and traditions, but also in church songs. Hymns are not dreams, but shocks. They shame but do not evoke. Assuming an internal badness which only self-denial and sacrifice can alter, they convert by fear and dread, not by subconscious emotion.

A shock differs from a normal thought movement in that it starts from a sudden sensory impression. A typical shock is the reaction caused by the appearance of a snake. Lions, tigers, bears and wolves have each in turn been the cause of nervous reactions. Thunder and lightning, sudden death, war, whoops and savage foes act as further stimuli, which in civilization are augmented by misfortune, woe and tribulation. The bad always comes in some sudden sensory form. It sets our frame on a quiver and centers all our energy on relief. Such concentration of energy and suppression of natural impulse are necessary in a primitive world where danger is only a yard away. Shock thought in poetry, in oratory, in state and religion was necessary to our badly visioned forebears and created safeguards from local and tribal ills. It is, however, as abnormal as the world in which they lived.

Sense acuteness and nerve shock, which in its more pronounced form we call shell shock, thus had a legitimate origin, but should have been displaced when the viron permitted a normal life. This we have done, partially at least, in our personal life, but not in national affairs nor in religious appeal. Patriotism is based on hate aroused by invented atrocities, while religion shocks with its bloody pictures and overwrought misery. Christ as a thinker has all the attributes demanded by modern thought, but the blood stained pictures and the atonement theology by which he is made vivid are

reminders of old terrors from which our ancestors shrank. But whether fact or imagination they convince by shocking and not by their beauty. They repress and distort just as snakes, tigers, war whoops and lightning distort. Yet it will be said that they are the only agent by which to drive men to repentance. There is a measure of truth in this claim, but also an error. The shock destroys the normality of its vicinity, it makes their thoughts move around the dread shock center just as a moth flutters about a lamp. The moth cannot restore its normality until the light goes out. Neither can a religion or a nation use shock stimuli without destroying the onward path along which the subconscious impulses are carrying the race.

In national songs and church hymns shock elements are not only prominent, but their very essence. Crude and effective, we may expect a resort to them in every great crisis. But there are intervals—growing intervals—between crises; in these we should strive to make emotion move along normal channels. We will then realize the importance of wish songs which evoke instinctive yearnings and posit goals from which shocks and fears hold us back. There is no compromise between the two methods of promoting goodness. A road lined with terrors does not lead in the same direction as that along which the yearnings of our life pulse prompt us to go.

Seeing this, no one should find fault with what the past has done to promote patriotism or religion, but strive to make such changes in both that they lead to wish fulfillment. We have overcome our dislike of snakes, tigers and bears, why should we flee from their fiercely painted images?

This, however, is more easily said than done. The shock has been so subtly incorporated into the very woof of song that its structure is imperiled by the castration. It is more difficult to construct than to destroy and doubly so when it involves the undoing of what has taken long ages to create. The living is always better than the manufactured. A single hand is never so skilled as the unconscious push which many epochs have exerted. Mutations may be necessary, but slow variation more often attains its end.

This thought should not keep us from examining into the process from which variation arises, nor from studying the direction in which it moved. We get this by a shift of emphasis from the rhyme words at the end of the line to its initial

beats. Rhyme words in English are commonplace and weak. In other languages strong words have a weak vowel syllable at the end. Their emphasis is thus on the penult. These final syllables we have cut off. The result is that strong English words seldom rhyme with each other and still more infrequently do they have a penult accent. They should be put as near as possible to the beginning of the line and the smooth material thrown at the end. If this is not done, the only way to obtain a strong effect is to resort to free verse.

This gives a start on the mechanical side, but does not reach the heart of the difficulty. Strong words have a double meaning, the superficial sensory content and a subconscious urge to action which their sound evokes. The subconscious is color blind, but has acute reactions to sound. Between the two there is usually a conflict, color being the index of external adjustment and hence negative as to action, while sound excites a vague and mystical muscular response. We hear the call of a voice but do not know which way to turn. It evokes movement away from the known into the realm of the unknown.

Another subconscious peculiarity is its lack of discrimination of number and time. It deals in wholes, not in units. As soon as we say horses, cows or stones we have deserted its domain and gone over into the sensory field. The senses give definite units, the subconscious deals only in unbounded realms. This vagueness and lack of discrimination takes from words their shock stimuli. What is lost must be made up by the rhythmic movement which song alone can give. When the two are combined the motor wins recognition.

A well-known hymn starts:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

These and the following words create one of the most concrete religious pictures in our language. If we start, as I do, with:

"Mighty Maker of my soul,"

we use indefinite words having no sensory counterpart. A painter would fail if he tried to translate them into color. The revivalist would find that they had no shock value. People hearing them would not rush toward the mourners' bench. Yet "Mighty Maker" has a vague meaning that appeals as does thunder or the roll of the ocean.

The reason in all these cases is in the subconscious activity. Our hearts beat, our muscles contract. Our sense of direction,

our guides and our ends all reside in our fore-consciousness, and hence all movement gives us a relief, but takes us nowhere but to vaguely seen dream ends. Put such words to music which throw the accent forward in the line and a powerful effect is produced, but when put at the end with its emphasis of rhyme words the motor effect is lost.

We have little music which creates motor effects because it is not so badly needed in other languages from which our songs are copied, nor have we original music with which to express our own needs. The music of songs fitting lines of seven syllables, four of which are accented, will do this, but of these there are too few to meet the needs of the present situation. Other forms break down when sung because the accents are on the wrong end of the line.

The song just mentioned is a good example of strong words rightly placed early in the line. To show how it weakens the sense I will put the thought of Wesley's hymn in a converted form having weak words at the start and a prolonged thump on the rhyme words that end:

My soul is loved by Jesus,
Alone I helpless roam,
Lest Satan wild should seize us
Beneath thy wing we home.

All the strong words are rhyme words and at the end of the line. The musician increases the shock effect by running the third line in high notes raising *wild* to a shriek. Such is the way our hymns are formed.

As soon as we see these defects and strive to arouse subconscious activity we face an intense opposition from those who love sensory effects. We also meet difficulties in language because it has developed so as to make sense discrimination emphatic. Number and tense are obstacles to motor expression and should be avoided wherever possible. The articles and connectives also create difficulties. *The house or the field* are sensory pictures while house and field may be applied to any building or enclosure. Motor effects are in extension while those of the sense are in intension. The result is that where sensory expression dominates, words are degraded into specific meanings. In contrast to this an extension of meaning is demanded to voice motor impulses. They are too vague to be applied to definite objects. Things are seen in parts wherever *and* is used, since by it narrowly defined words are connected.

Sensory poets scatter their *ands* with profusion. They thus paint a concrete picture with emotional value only when they throw in a shock to excite vivid reactions.

Instead of this degrading of words to some specific use their meaning should be broadened so that one word will, thru its associations bring out the full meaning of the line. This can be done by employing strong old words which were once used in the vague general way that motor reactions demand. These broad meanings, appealing to the subconscious impulses, open up roads to the emotions which no sensory detail can arouse.

Description is of two sorts: those which picture an object so minutely that no other object but it would fulfill the conditions. A flower can be described so that all other but this variety are excluded, or a brook so that none other can be mistaken for it. Such descriptions depend on specific color and form for their beauty. But there are other descriptions that fit almost any flower, brook or vale. Their foreground is vague, but in the background is something which starts a subconscious activity which responds not to specific brooks and valleys, but to the whole situation of which they are a part. The eye sees the details; the soul, catching the meaning of the whole, responds not thru nervous shocks but thru muscular vigor. Often when moved by emotion we hear people say: "I felt a choking sensation in my throat," or "my cheek grew hot," which means that the emotion started muscular and blood activity. The voice is the natural outlet of subconscious joy. Children at play when they are having a "good time" express their pleasure by throat activity and show the current of their thought by the flush of their cheeks. Nerves rest when we rejoice; they become active when danger looms. Then chills run down the back and muscular activity changes into fierce contractions. These mentally are shocks and they are what our sensory friends strive to excite.

The line between normality and abnormality is the line between shock strain leading to reaction and motor pulses evoking activity. Good poetry may be specific description, but great songs must be free from the accidents of time, space, local color and personal woe. Crossing Brooklyn Ferry may be so described that the reader would know that he was in Brooklyn, or it may be written so that any ferry would meet the conditions. Hamlet may be a feudal Dane or somebody

who lives across the street. If a book brings up persons and objects with which you are familiar you transfer the description from the book to those you know. Your blood pulses and your muscles vibrate with renewed life. This is the thought substitution which motor description promotes. We transfer what was objective in the book into what we have seen or into movements we have made.

A friend once asked me if I had ever been in Hartford. I replied "No, and why the question?" He said having read my "Product and Climax" he thought the street description applied accurately to his home town. I preferred to hear him say this than to have him praise my literary style, for it showed that my description had been vague enough to be transferred to other scenes, yet vivid enough to create an abiding impression. These choices everyone must make as he writes, and as he chooses he shocks thru nerve excitement or causes the blind giant within us to strive to break his bonds. His struggles are reflected in muscular and blood action, never in nervous strain. Shell shock is the direction in which all nervous strain moves. Too much of it will send its victim to an asylum; in small doses it is poetry.

Let me once more emphasize the material side of my thought, since without it the difference between the mechanisms of sight and sound does not become clear. Put food before a dog and the glands of his mouth immediately begin to flow. Contact with food is not necessary to start their action. Likewise when we hear a sound our muscles become active. Back of every sound or sight is a wish or urge, a craving more or less intense, but always a something which excites the vague activity of muscle and gland. The natural currents go from sight and sound to wish, then to gland and muscle. Returning they become will and as will start definite activity. The circuit from sound to will is much more direct than that of sight. Sight acts mainly thru shock and reaches the will, if at all, only by difficult thought processes. We thus keep nearer heaven and farther from hell when our emotions are evoked by sound than when shock-promoting sights are forced on our attention. The lungs contract, as do the muscles of the throat. If the effect is sudden we laugh, if orderly, singing is the natural result. Laughter and song do not restrain, they evoke action. The same vibrations which in the throat produce song in other muscles create the joy of the dance. With joy sight

has little contact and fewer visible expressions. We see horrors and jump with joy.

Action is thus recessive or bold as it is prompted by shock or wish. Shock mechanisms are nervous, external, revolting. Deep sudden impressions evoke negations, which in turn start our logical thought processes. Wishes do not seek to control thru argument. They project a picture in which some desired goal is substituted for the natural sequences of rational thought. To objectify a wish it must be thrown on the mental screen in some exaggerated form. Wishes promote this substitution and each substitution performs a miracle in that the change is one which in nature would rarely happen.

In the movies we have an objective process which does mechanically what the wish does mentally. The two also agree in that they produce effects by exaggeration. No picture would be of interest if the sequences were as slow as those of real life. This rapid flow of thought and over-statement is a necessary element in any vivid statement that does not evolve a shock. We see this in drama, in fiction and in all emotional description. This also is the method of sacred literature. The miracle may be a miracle, but it is more likely to be a condensed presentation of what our logical processes have not yet been able to verify. The same emotional over-statement creates optimism and egoistic ambition. Exaggerating our personal importance we see ourselves producing results which our actions are not likely to create. To think oneself to be great is to be on the road to greatness.

All religions were once local and could readily find local marks to give a coloring. Some hill, some altar, some battlefield or river created a local view to which affection was ardently attached. Jerusalem or the Rhine thus became sacred watchwords readily made sensory through song. So, too, can Christ, repentance or redemption be made pictorial and thus gain admission into sensory fields. But God cannot be pictured as painters represent Christ nor can nature be thrown on a screen in a concrete way of a Christian heaven. Pictures are locality, not universe. It is great unordered masses like the stars or the ocean that, evoking subconscious activity, stir the muscles. The senses love order and precision; the subconscious is slovenly, uncontrollable and indefinite.

Of a like nature are the objects which evoke our social emotions. Misery is concrete, books can be easily written about the

slums. Muck raking is an easy outlet of our dislikes, but the social is an attachment to every body, a love of all that has no concrete embodiment. It knows no color, form, attribute or race. It is easy to describe Massachusetts or Carolina, but the United States would defy description. When we love it rather than them we must resort to a much vaguer sort of statement. So, too, can Annie Laurie be described, but for the love of woman we have no words. As we clarify our emotions we must therefore desert sensory definiteness and picture our loves thru vaguer words. Mysticism is vagueness plus strange meanings which attach themselves to old words. A wealth of interpretation enables one to add some concrete element felt only by himself, thus giving to thought a particularization which increases its emotional force.

Songs with the right word and rhyme will evoke a thousand thoughts which concrete words cannot convey. A word, meaningless to a sensory critic, may in a line treble its emotional value because of the subconscious associations it arouses. It is a discharge of energy that starts with force and ends in a resonance. Each line should open strong and close in a rhyme. The thought of the first part should be transformed into sound in the second. Then what is seen in the consciousness becomes emotion in the subconscious. Put the strong forward as does the thunder and the line will care for itself.

There are morning songs and evening songs; songs that arouse and songs that calm, songs of work and songs of rest. Evening songs appeal to those who do uncongenial tasks by day and by night love to sit by the fire and read or think. This sensory use of song is due to nervous excitement that creates the craving for smooth verse at night. Such people say they do not want poetry as a stimulus to action, but as a relief from the toil of the day. The farther the poetic theme is from the work of the day the better they like it.

This is a correct judgment for those whose work overtaxes the nerves, whose ends are vivid or who face dangers which demand strict attention. But other modes of life do not contain these shocks nor is the motive for the daily task so clearly defined that it evokes with the vigor of a shock. This is the case with all we put under the head of duty, prudence and sacrifice. In them there is always a conflict of motive, the dimmer not the clearer being the higher. It is this vagueness that morning songs remove. They center the attention on

the distant but higher end and bring the subconscious activities in harmony with social ends.

The social is not a clearly defined goal, a prize, a relief nor even a square deal. Muck-rakers and calamity howlers are not social. They are usually nervous wrecks who have lost their balance because of some strain, misfortune or injury. The social is not a crust of bread, but something over the hill. This side of the hill has fixed boundaries, well known crops and sense alluring rewards, but the yon side where you really want to dwell—if it you do not know whether it is a city, country, plain or forest. The social is thus above the particular, but not isolated from it. Shutting out the immediate, morning songs create zeal for attaining the beyond. The higher task thus excites our motor powers and gives direction to the work of the day. Sing before work and as you work if social work is your aim.

A contrast should also be made between the emotion of music and that of words. Rhythm resting on antecedent biologic development arouses the same emotion in all races. Words, however, evoke emotion only in those having the same culture. Good music is good everywhere but words fit only a given age or speech. Words, therefore, in time losing their emotional force must be replaced by those fitting new forms of culture. In transferring songs from one language to another an exact translation seldom calls forth the intense emotion which the original excited. We do not have our feelings aroused by the same places as do other races nor will the same phrases or topics arouse in us a response. German or Italian music is as much ours as theirs but their word accompaniments evoke little emotion in a new cultural viron. An American should use words that in him arouse feelings but he does not need new music since his organic response is not different from that of other nations. Any music may be made American but differences in culture forbid of foreign words and scenes. To test this I have put new words to several well known songs. The results the reader may see for himself.

The hymns that follow indicate the way in which thought must go in the endeavor to create a greater emotional value. "We don't want song," said a reformer when I suggested a song, to help in a city campaign; "we want facts and arguments." They had them galore—

striking facts and forceful arguments—yet went down under an adverse majority of 40,000. The logic of religion is as dull as that of politics. Between these cold, dead descriptions and the soul there is no contact. The subconscious is aroused not by facile words nor by gruesome sights, but by sound-created action.

The voice is nearer the soul than any external organ. When we realize this and utilize its possibilities, the social, the religious and the national will gain that universality which visual scenes can never attain. As much as anywhere the change is of value in the case of national songs. Songs of hate are numerous and so are scenes in national crises. But these are too tense for normal life or too local to evoke emotions in a large nation. A battle is a strain, and strain is shock transferred to the muscles. Its proper accompaniment is a shriek, not a song. Social patriotism comes not from these excitement producing crises, but from the vaguer ends which our work and leisure reach out for, but which shock and strain prevent us from attaining. We sing as we work: we sing as we play. Each activity has a wish content which we should voice in song.

Just now there is a further need of national songs because of the misuse that has been made of our national anthem during the late war. Despite its words it has become the emblem of tyranny because of the force used to make people sing it. Liberty and oppression will not mix. No free people will continue to sing songs against their inclination.

It is interesting to observe the difference between the spontaneity of the songs of the Civil War and those of the late conflict. Then there was no song censor. That survived which reflected the popular mood. Now the new is excluded by the rigid action of overzealous committees or officials. It is lamentable that so little has come either in song or amusement from the vast expenditure which was designed for these ends. The situation was controlled by song and amusement antiquarians or by domineering patriots who were satisfied if the public tread the stony path of our ancestors and felt their hates, passions and modes. We have thus gone back a century and need a song revolt more than ever.

FOLK LOVE

*This edition is a revision and enlargement of
"Songs of America" and "Advent Songs"*

Mighty Maker of My Soul

Non lento, ma molto doloroso EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 9, No. 2

p

1. Migh - ty ma - ker of my soul
 2. Soul per - fec - tion is my choice,
 3. Make me firm to do Thy will,
 4. World is drea - ry when a - lone,

pp

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Age - less gage - less Thy con - trol. Star - ry splen - dor,
 In Thy wis - dom I re - joice. Thru ford ser - vice
 All Thy stat - utes to ful - fill. Sure of hand — and
 With foul weeds is o - ver - grown, When Thy sun — up -

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

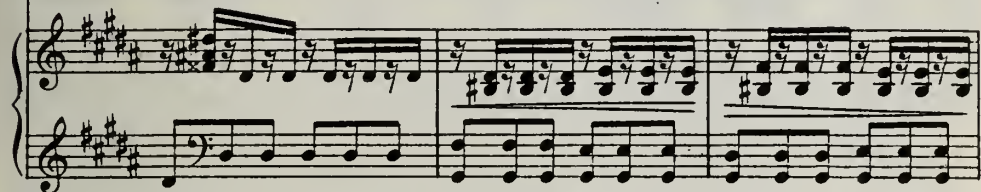
for est green Ev - 'ry where Thy hand — is
 of my kind Would I gen - ial plea - sure
 pure of heart, To my soul Thy zeal — im -
 on me shines All in har - mo - ny com -

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *



seen.
find.
part.
bines.

Cloud - less per - fect is the day
Bound - less joy and lib - er - ty
Tho Thy ser - vice brings me pain
Hap - py vis - ions come to me



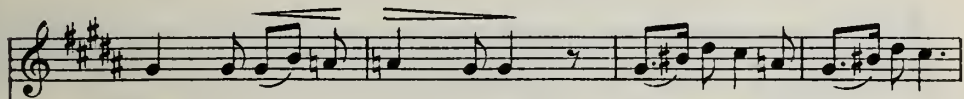
Red.

* *Red.*

*

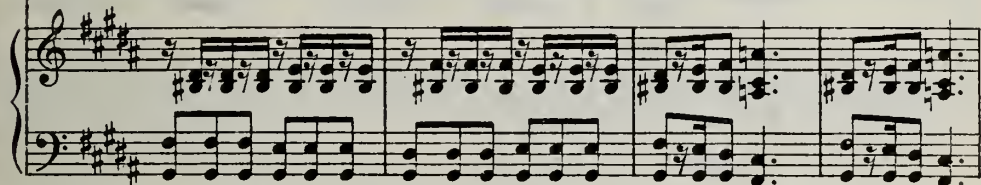
Red.

*



When Thy spir - it shows the way,
Would I give hu - man - i - ty.
Sweet the so - lace I would gain.
When Thy ge - nial smile I see,

Black tempestuous is the night
Love and peace would I enthrone
What to me Thou free - ly gave
Take me to Thy E - den fold

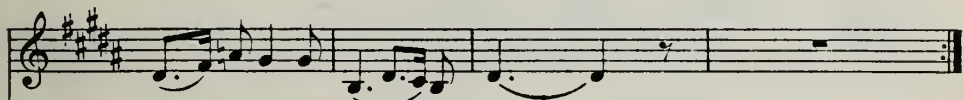


Red.

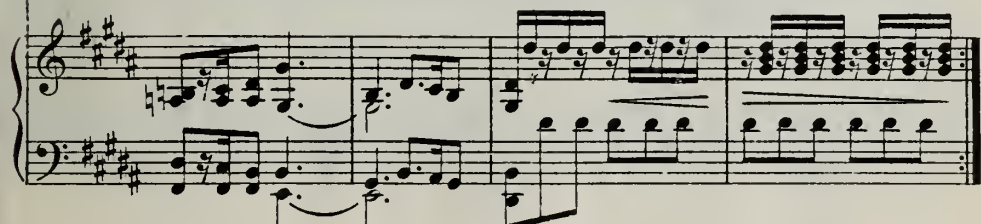
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Red.

*



When I lose Thy o - ver - sight. ____
Thee adore and Thee a - lone. ____
From defeat will oth - ers save. ____
In Thy im-age to ____ re - mold. ____



Red.

REFRAIN
pp

God, my tem - ple ev - er - more, Thine the beau - ty

* Red. * Red. * Red. * Red.

I a - dore, All my boun - ty from Thee flow,

* Red. * Red. * Red. *

All my yearn - ing to Thee go,

Red. * Red. * Red. *

pp

Count - less ag - es yet to come, May Thy pla - za

p *pp*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

rit.

be my home, May Thy pla - za be — my

mf *rit.*

Ad. * *Ad.* *

home. —

cresc. molto

a tempo *ff*

f *

Ad.

p *pp*

Ad. * *Ad.* *

Help us, God, to move along

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 12

Allegro moderato, appassionato

p

1. Then we met the foe in
 2. Lo-cust-like a-cross the
 3. Shall we break the loath-some
 4. Brother love, un-loose thy
 5. Precious jew-els here are

p

con Pedale

bat-tle, Saw him flee in wild re-
 val-ley Grope a-long these grouchers
 fet-ter Bleed - in limbs have borne so
 trea-sure, Give full re-com-pen-sa-
 ly-ing, Cul-ture weal and lib-er-

treat, Then we made the vic-tim
 grum, City street and noi-some
 long? Shall we make their liv-ing
 each, Work un-til world joy and
 -ty, What our ge-nial fath-ers

rit.

chat - tel Slave to do our bid-ding
al - ley E - cho their cy-clo-nic
bet - ter Or re-fill their cup with
lei - sure Come with-in the peo-ple's
dy - ing Left to us we of-fer

rit.

a tempo *p*

sweet, Now they come, omnivorous cat-tle, Tramping
hum, Wild-ly tur-bu-lent they sal-ly With de-
wrong? Shall we stand, morose re-gret-ter, Or en-
reach, Till the nations heed with pleasure When thy
thee. Hop-ing, trust-ing, prophe-sy-ing, All the

a tempo *p*

Red. * *Red.* *

cul - ture 'neath their feet. Save Thy
fi - ant chal - lenge come, Save Thy
joy their tri - umph song? Save Thy
no - ble pro - phets teach. Save Thy
world shall broth - ers be. Save Thy

Red. * *Red.* *

peo - ple, save the throng, - Help us,
 peo - ple, save the throng, - Help us,
 peo - ple, save the throng, - Help us,
 peo - ple, save the throng, - Help us,
 peo - ple, save the throng, - Help us,

rit.
 God, to move a - long.
 God, to move a - long.
 God, to move a - long.
 God, to move a - long.
 God, to move a - long.
a tempo

REFRAIN
 Save the peo - ple, save the

throng. Weak and help - less they do

wrong, With ap - peal - ing voice we

cry Save the thron and pur - i -

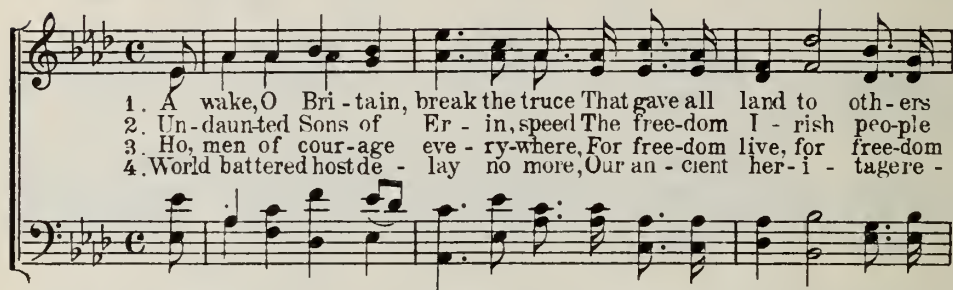
fy.

rit. *p*

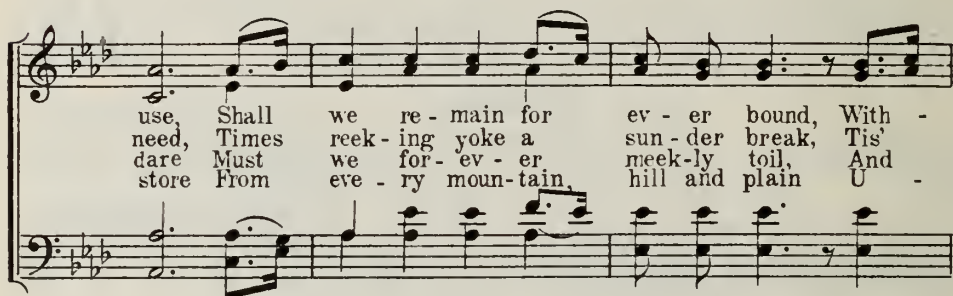
The Cry Of The Landless

THE MARSEILLAISE

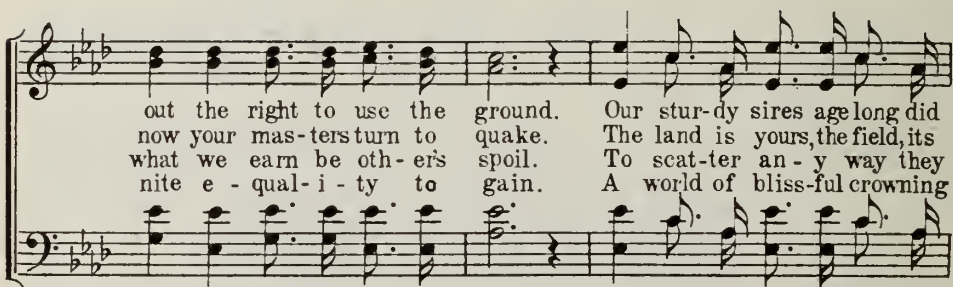
ROUGET de LISLE



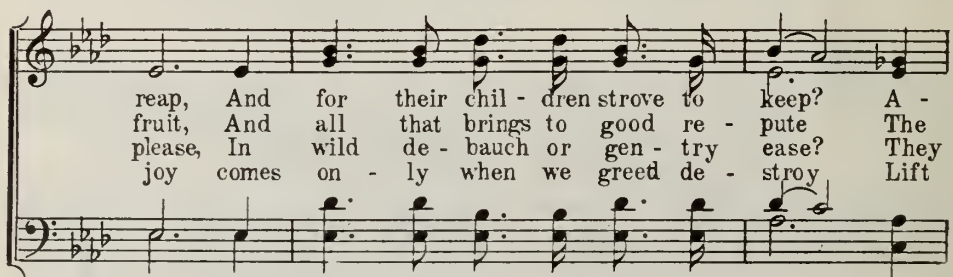
1. A wake, O Bri - tain, break the truce That gave all land to oth - ers
 2. Un - daunted Sons of Er - in, speed The free - dom I - rish peo - ple
 3. Ho, men of cour - age eve - ry - where, For free - dom live, for free - dom
 4. World battered host de - lay no more, Our an - cient her - i - tagere -



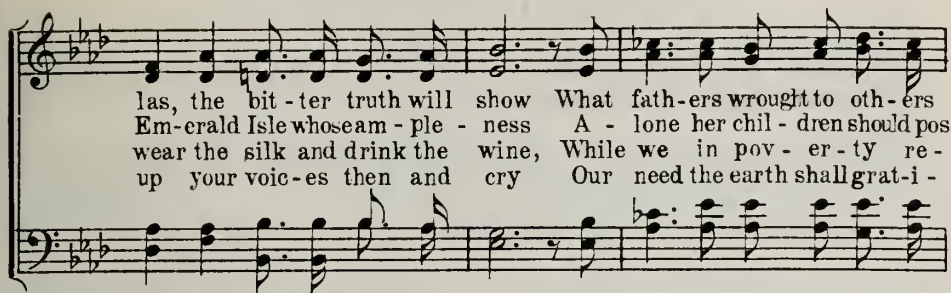
use, Shall we re - main for ev - er bound, With -
 need, Times reek - ing yoke a sun - der break, Tis'
 dare Must we for - ev - er meek - ly toil, And
 store From eve - ry moun - tain, hill and plain U -



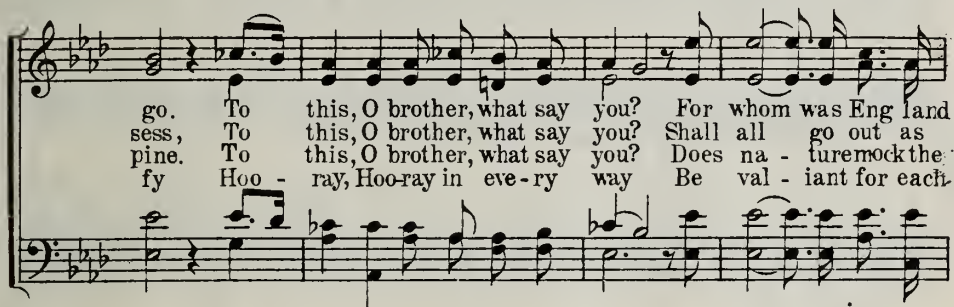
out the right to use the ground. Our stur - dy sires age long did
 now your mas - ter turn to quake. The land is yours, the field, its
 what we earn be oth - er's spoil. To scat - ter an - y way they
 nite e - qual - i - ty to gain. A world of bliss - ful crowning



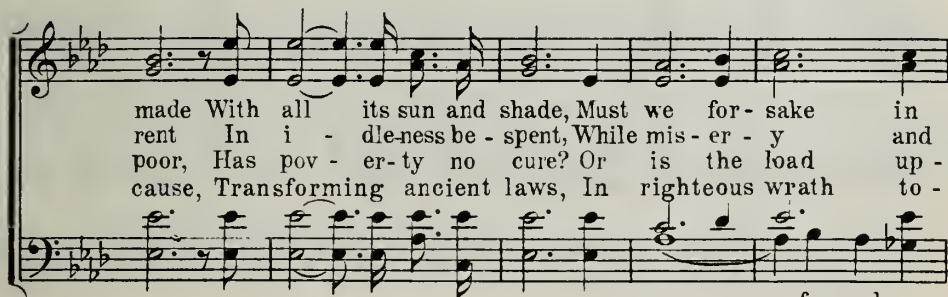
reap, And for their chil - dren strove to keep? A -
 fruit, And all that brings to good re - pute The
 please, In wild de - bauch or gen - try ease? They
 joy comes on - ly when we greed de - stroy Lift



las, the bit - ter truth will show What fath - ers wrought to oth - ers
Em - erald Isle whose am - ple - ness A - lone her chil - dren should pos
wear the silk and drink the wine, While we in pov - er - ty re -
up your voic - es then and cry Our need the earth shall grat - i -

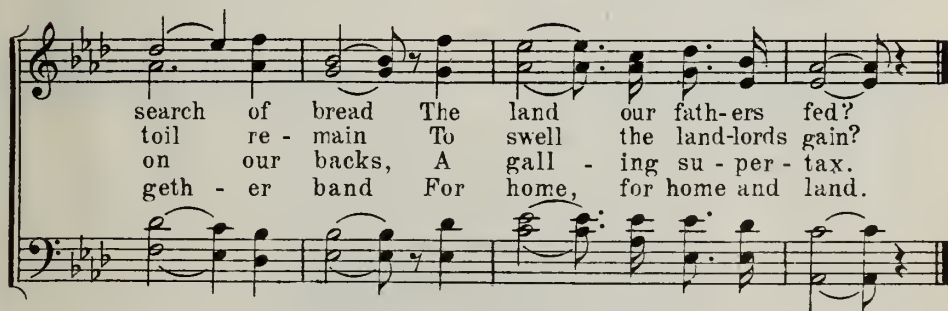


go. To this, O brother, what say you? For whom was Eng - land
sess, To this, O brother, what say you? Shall all go out as
pine. To this, O brother, what say you? Does na - ture mock the
fy Hoo - ray, Hoo-ray in eve - ry way Be val - iant for each



made With all its sun and shade, Must we for - sake in
rent In i - dle - ness be - spent, While mis - er - y and
poor, Has pov - er - ty no cure? Or is the load up -
cause, Transforming ancient laws, In righteous wrath to -

we ——— for - sake
mis - er - y
is ——— the load
righ - teous wrath

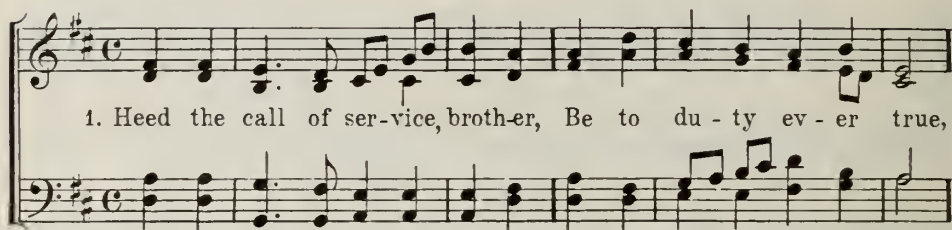


search of bread The land our fath - ers fed?
toil re - main To swell the land - lords gain?
on our backs, A gall - ing su - per - tax.
geth - er band For home, for home and land.

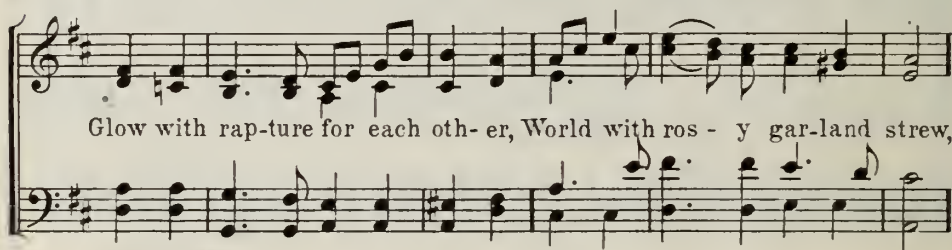
The Call of Service

TILLEARD

J. TILLEARD (1827 - 1876)

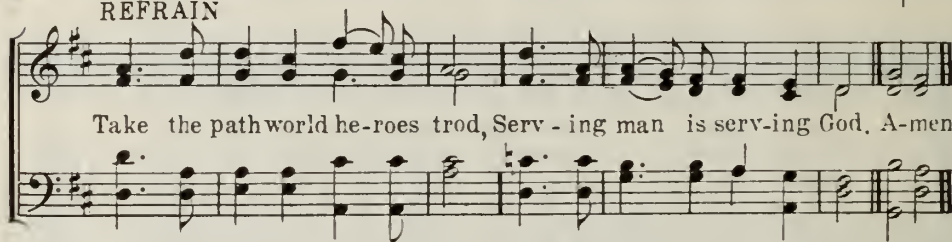


1. Heed the call of ser-vice, broth-er, Be to du - ty ev - er true,



Glow with rap-ture for each oth-er, World with ros - y gar-land strew,

REFRAIN



Take the path world he-roes trod, Serv - ing man is serv-ing God. A-men

2.

Onward like a mighty river
Sweeps the brotherhood of man,
Borne upon its current ever
For his glory work and plan.

4.

Haste the day, our dream fulfilling,
When from toil all men are freed,
Each for eager service willing
May supply his brother's need.

3.

Every soul - enslaving fetter
Boldly break and cast away,
That the world may be the better
For the freedom won today.

5.

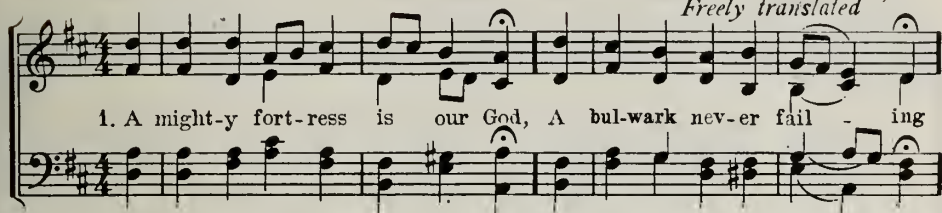
From our travail may we borrow
Firm purpose on to go,
Eager for the better morrow
Present effort shall bestow.

6.

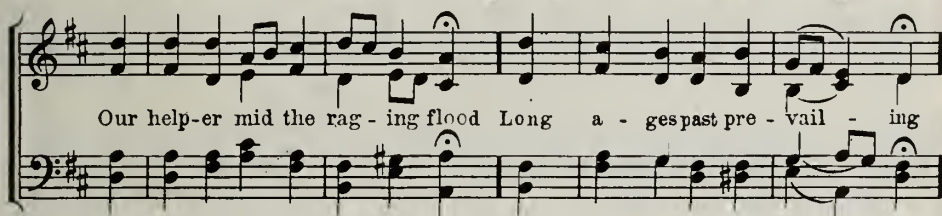
Brighter days than now unfolding
Love triumphant shall disclose,
Greater progress all remolding
Thru the ages onward flows.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

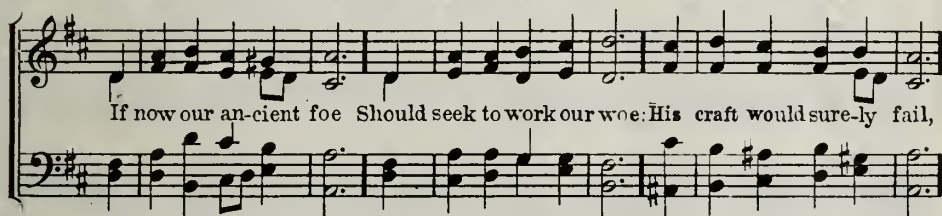
EIN FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529
Freely translated


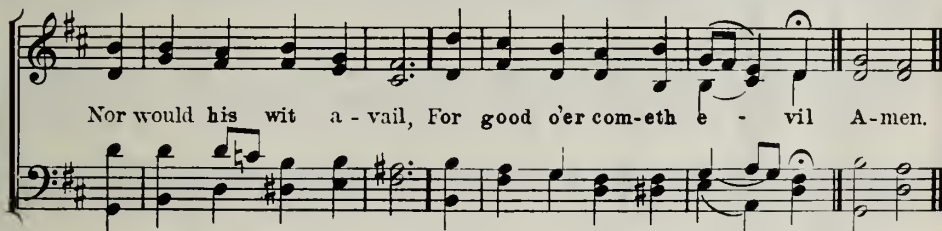
1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing



Our help-er mid the rag - ing flood Long a - ges past pre - vail - ing



If now our an-cient foe Should seek to work our woe: His craft would sure-ly fail,



Nor would his wit a - vail, For good o'er com-eth e - vil A-men.

2. Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not a helper by our side
A man of God's own choosing.
Who can this envoy be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
A fervent hope He brings
A trusty life line flings
To those now held in bondage.

3. Tho' universe with evil filled
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph thru us.
World woes we can endure,
For Christ has brought a cure;
We tremble not for them,
But would all fear condemn;
Our God to triumph guideth

4. Thy law above all earthly powers
In firm control abideth;
The future and its joy are ours,
Thro' Him who with us sideth.
In mercy, now bestow
Eternal life also;
Let truth restrain our will,
Protecting us until
With in Thy realm we gather

Come ye when

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

FRANZ ABT

1. God al - might-y come ye when Bring-ing hope — and cheer to
 2. God of Jus-tice, God of weal, All our an - cient brui-ses
 3. God of Na-ture, God of Men, Ed - en rap - ture bring a -
 4. God of Mer-cy, God of Love, Turn our thought to things a -

men, With Thy spir - it in the van Teach us how to work and
 heal, Be our pi - lot in the storm, Darkness changeto brill - iant
 gain, No - ble deeds in us in - spire, In Thy ser - vice nev - er
 bove, Be it night or be it day, Shepherd love for us dis -

plan; Earn-est may our ef - fort be Worldto savefrom Mis-e - ry.
 morn. Then thro' love and truth may we Res-cue all hu - man-i - ty.
 tire. On - ward up - ward help us move, Worldand peo - ple to im - prove.
 play, May fresh joy all woe re - place, Save, O save us by Thy grace.

REFRAIN

Come, O — come, Al - might - y — King. Grand-ly all a - ges

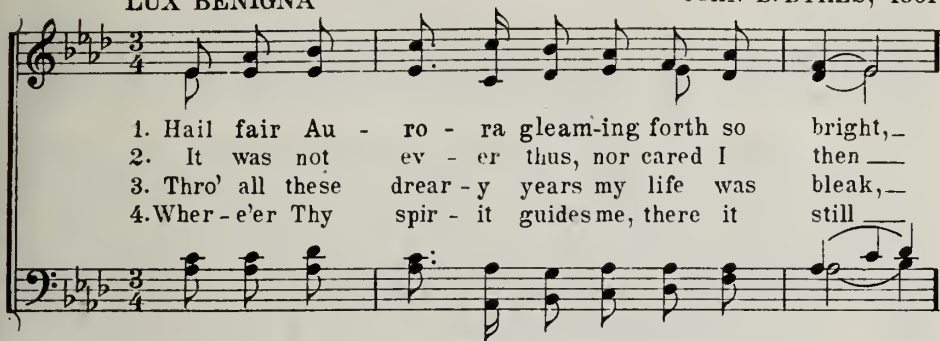
Thy prais-es sing, Grand-ly all — a - ges Thy prais-es sing.

Aurora

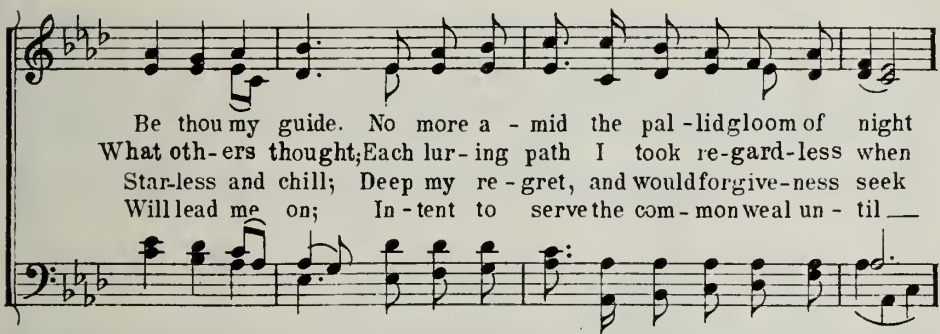
17

LUX BENIGNA

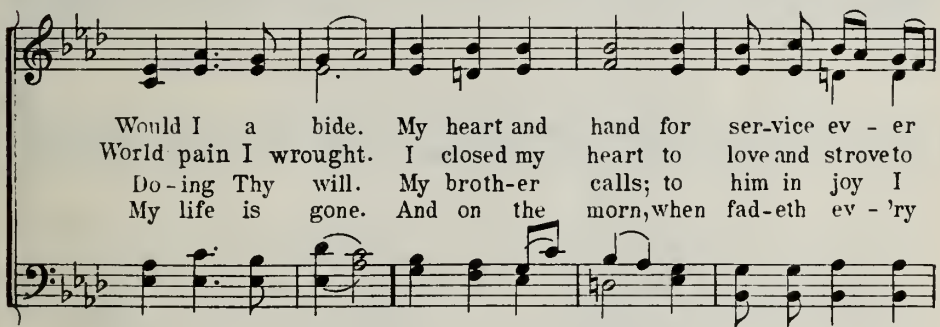
JOHN B. DYKES, 1861



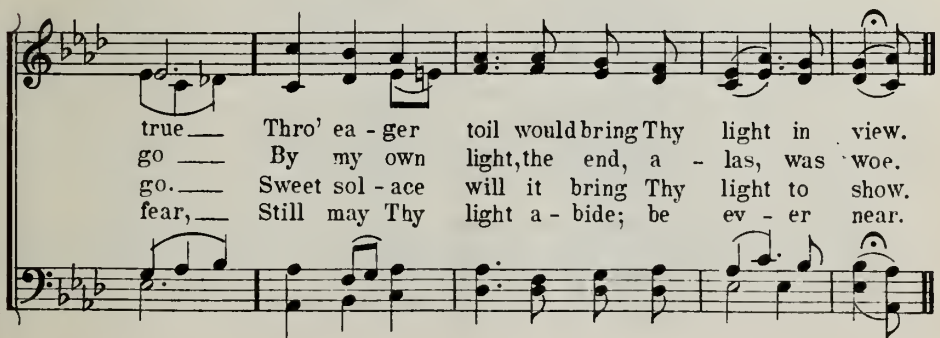
1. Hail fair Au - ro - ra gleam-ing forth so bright,—
 2. It was not ev - er thus, nor cared I then —
 3. Thro' all these drear - y years my life was bleak,—
 4. Wher - e'er Thy spir - it guides me, there it still



Be thou my guide. No more a - mid the pal - lid gloom of night
 What oth - ers thought; Each lur - ing path I took re - gard - less when
 Star - less and chill; Deep my re - gret, and would forgive - ness seek
 Will lead me on; In - tent to serve the com - mon weal un - til —



Would I a bide. My heart and hand for ser - vice ev - er
 World pain I wrought. I closed my heart to love and strove to
 Do - ing Thy will. My broth - er calls; to him in joy I
 My life is gone. And on the morn, when fad - eth ev - 'ry



true — Thro' ea - ger toil would bring Thy light in view.
 go — By my own light, the end, a - las, was woe.
 go. — Sweet sol - ace will it bring Thy light to show.
 fear, — Still may Thy light a - bide; be ev - er near.

With Us Dwell

GERMANY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1815

1. To Thee O God, our guide and shield, A-mer-i - ca would
 hom - age yield, Our coun-try with Thy pres-ence crown
 And make us first in world re - nown. A - men.

2. From Thee do all our blessings flow
 A morning star the way to show,
 Our arms are not the spear and sword,
 But faith in Thy abiding word.
3. Thy wisdom all creation shows,
 Thy mercy vast as ocean flows,
 But more than all Thy people bless
 Thy eager, earnest tenderness.
4. We enter Thy domain with praise
 To laud and bless Thy name always;
 The earth and sky are full of Thee,
 Thy light, Thy power and majesty.
5. All people of Thy triumph sing,
 The earth with glad hosannas ring;
 The hill and mountain hear the sound
 And spread the alleluia round.
6. Thy coming, God, we fondly seek,
 America Thy praises speak,
 Forever, ever, evermore
 Her sturdy folk Thy name adore.

The Forward Look

19

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

OLD SCOTTISH AIR

1. Be - hold my loom - ing vir - on, God's glo - ry all a - round,

Where gen - ial peo - ple gath - er, Where bro - ther love is found.

Thy maj - es - ty and splen - dor, Thy grand in - spir - ing view

Fresh cour - age and de - cis - ion give, En - no - ble all I do.

2. Thy broad enchanting vista,
O paradise of joy,
Where life unfolds its beauty,
Where noble deeds employ,
Reveals in novel grandeur
What word cannot impart,
All nature, world and star combine
To make thee what thou art.

3. Thy field by forest bounded
Has seen no martial foe,
Thy children are not hounded
By poverty and woe.
Thy temples gleam a beauty
No morning ray surpassed,
Thy arches were by God designed
By Him Thy gates were cast.

4. On those who yearn Thy beauty,
This viron, God, bestow,
Where love is all embracing,
Where men Thy spirit show.
With more expanse than ocean,
With brighter light than day,
Thy smile becomes our recompense
Our sole abiding stay.

5. Thro' grove and temple lead us,
By palm and rosetree lined,
Whose beauty would enchant us,
Firm to Thy service bind.
To know Thee God and Father,
We seek this lovely land,
O help us to Thy aerie climb,
Aye in Thy love expand.

Beauty Land

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. I oft-en dream of my beauty land a-far, Dawn's ri - val in col-or dis-

play, Sweet o - dors waft - ed by balm-y breez-es are While the

rose gleams in the joy of May. To work doth morn - ing an

eag - er host a - wake, To pleas-ure long eve-ning, in - vites While

o - ver all like a rip-pling moonlit lake Pours my beauty land its am-ber light.

REFRAIN

Hi - o, hi - o, hi - o, glad ti-dings come to-day, We will journey on to my



2.

The autumn brings on the harvest all too soon
 For toiling no longer is pain,
 Bright sickles swing to the music of a tune
 Gaily sung while workers reap the grain.
 Today they toil like an ancient scullion mean,
 Tomorrow they bask in the glen,
 In summer dance they upon the village green,
 Yet in winter turn to books again.

3.

Their sweet toned voices are wafted on the air,
 Like whip-poor-will singing at night
 For sorrows vanish nor can we now despair
 While each day echoes with glad delight.
 O'er mountain tops on our merry path we wend
 Thru valleys where colors are bright
 A few days more bring our journey to an end
 Beauteous gardens sparkle in the light.

A recessional refrain to be used with verses two and three

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Christmas cheer display, O, how jolly are we when Bells

jin-gle all the way, Jinglebells, Jingle bells, Christmas cheerdis-play,

O, how jol-ly are we when Bells jin-gle all the way.

Reconciliation

MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1840

1. Lis-ten to the won-drous song Echoed by the grow-ing throng, "God and men are
re-con-ciled Thro' the com-ing of a child." O, the joy this day shall bring
By the ad-vent of our King! E-den come to earth a-gain O-pens wide her
gate to men. Join with those who joy-ous sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.

2.

Hail, Child, earth's anointed King,
Come, a priceless gift to bring.
Hail, Thou envoy from above,
God's sweet messenger of love.
By Thy grand exalted birth
Is salvation brought to earth;
Wildly our hosannas ring,
Palm and rose we joyous fling,
As through endless time we sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

3.

Faithful Shepherd over all,
Ever watching lest we fall,
Guarding pastures where we feed,
Bringing succor when in need.
Thro' His coming there is day,
Beacon light to guide our way,
Wondrous plans would He devise
Teaching others how to rise.
Join the growing throng whose sing
Glory to the new-born King.

4.

Hail, Thou righteous Prince of Peace
Giving all a glad release
From the crushing weight of woe
That from ancient evils flow.
Born that others may not die,
Born to bring redemption nigh;
Gladly we thro all the earth
Would proclaim Thy peerless worth,
Joining with the choirs that sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Shepherd Love

1. Shepherd love and shepherd soul
 All humanity extol,
 Shepherd beauty, shepherd trait,
 These our Maker would create.
 Pastures green for all His sheep,
 Waters pure from crevice deep,
 Death no longer haunts the race,
 Joy eternal takes her place.
 O what pleasure when love's cry
 All mankind shall unify.

2. Sound the tocsin, beat the drum,
 Joy and peace to earth has come.
 Starry worlds their glee display,
 Merrily in rhythms sway,
 Distant plants join the throng
 In the jubilee of song.
 Brightly on the morning sky
 Glad approval flashes by,
 O what pleasure to behold
 Shepherd love in men unfold.

3. Sympathy thy great asset,
 Human greed thy one regret,
 Merciful to those who drift
 From the weak their burden lift.
 Heal the sick, relieve the poor,
 Home for hopeless men secure.
 Peace on earth to all good will,
 Dream of harmony fulfill.
 O what pleasure have we when
 Shepherd love has come to men.

4. Hail, all hail my cherished guide,
 Grander than was prophesied,
 Truer now than in the past,
 Firmer than the rocks shall last.
 All creation round Thy throne
 Reap the harvest Thou has sown,
 Great the joy we chant Thy praise,
 Carols in Thy honor raise.
 O what pleasure love bestows
 When thru universe it flows.

The Voice Of Progress

LE JEUNE

GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1887

1. Hark, the voice of pro-gress cry-ing, Who will do my work to-day?

Fields are white and har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?

Long and loud the work is call-ing, Men who would of ser-vice be,

An-swer back in tones of glad-ness, Give thy mes-sage un-to me. A-men.

2. If you cannot cross the ocean
 Earth's dark places to explore,
 You can find unvarnished heathen,
 But a step from your own door.
 If you cannot mould the ages
 You can be of service now,
 Help to clear the way of progress,
 For its cause devotion vow.

3. If you cannot be a prophet,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can help a struggling brother,
 Guard him from a needless fall.
 If you cannot rouse the nation
 By an epoch-making deed,
 Be the first to cheer a brother
 Tortured by the gloom of need.

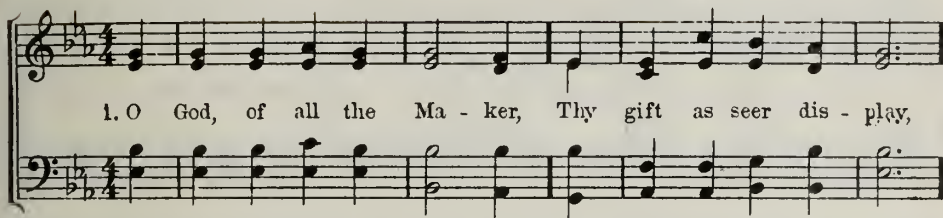
4. Never think of weak excuses,
 Seek to find a working place;
 Free the world of its abuses,
 Take from life its foul disgrace.
 Follow where the Master leadeth,
 In His work your pleasure see,
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 I thy messenger would be.

To-Morrow

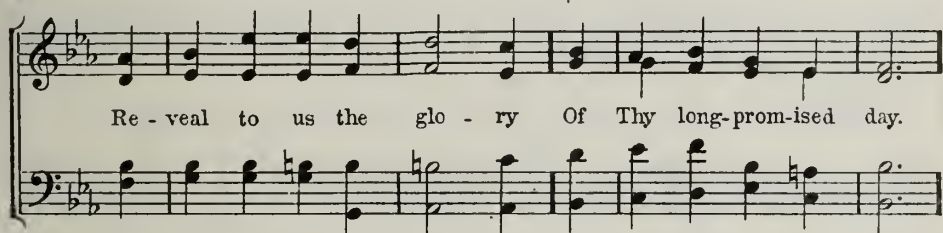
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AURELIA

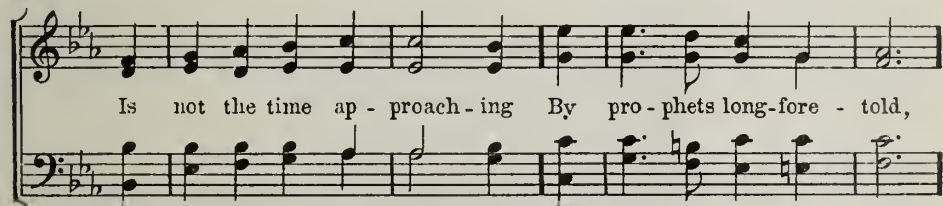
SAM'L S. WESLEY, 1864



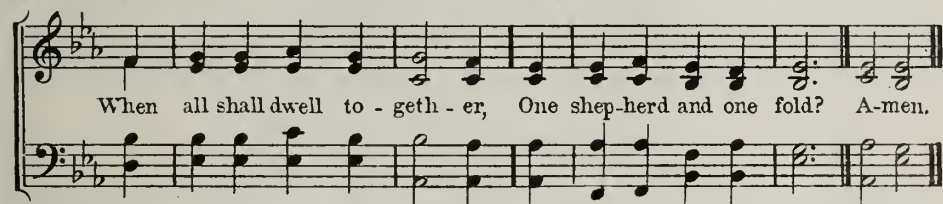
1. O God, of all the Ma - ker, Thy gift as seer dis - play,



Re - veal to us the glo - ry Of Thy long-prom-ised day.



Is not the time ap - proach - ing By pro - phets long-fore - told,



When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One shep-herd and one fold? A-men.

2.

May all that now divides us
 Resolve and pass afar,
 Like shadow flee with darkness
 Before the morning star.
 May faith in man grow stronger
 May strife and discord cease,
 The scar of war effacing
 Thro' harmony and peace.

3.

To-morrow, O, to-morrow,
 What hope we have in thee
 To gain the growing beauty
 Of what is yet to be.
 When all the world about us
 Shall evermore improve,
 When high and low combining
 As brothers onward move.

4.

To-morrow, O, to-morrow
 Replete with wholesome joy,
 No more shall pain and sorrow
 Humanity annoy.
 In sweet anticipation
 We bear the hard delay
 To share with all creation
 Thy long, long promised day.

Social Faith

CANONBURY

Ad. fr. R. SCHUMANN, 1839

1. O for a faith in bound-less love To o-pen wide the realm a-bove,
Where life is God and God is life, Re-viv-ing souls cast down by strife. A-men.

2. O for a faith that growing youth
Shall keep the path of living truth,
Ours is the night, to them the day,
If now we show the onward way.
3. O for a faith that men are good
And, given strength, do what they should,
A growing faith that womankind
May equal man in skill and mind.
4. O for a faith that war shall cease
And commerce follow ways of peace,
When brothers fair with brothers deal
And each regards the other's weal.
5. O for a faith in coming years
When work is done with fewer tears,
No burden shall the toilers bear
That idle people ought to share.
6. O for a faith in brotherhood
To batter down the walls that stood
Between the races of the past,
Behind the feuds of clan and caste.
7. O for a faith that freedom win,
Democracy her rule begin,
May harmony the nations bind,
In unity salvation find.
8. A faith like this, O God, instill,
An eagerness to do Thy will.
A yearning zeal for brotherhood
And self efface for others' good.

Sun and Shadow

27

THE LORELEY

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

1. The ris - ing sun in an - ger Hides 'neath the cloud his face, And
pours a red - 'ning ter - ror O'er all the out - er space. Why
is — his an - ger brew - ing, What could his rage pro - voke? — 'Tis
la - bor he — is view - ing De - based by gall - ing yoke.

2. The waking bell is sounding
Its call through chilly air,
What cry is that resounding,
A note of mute despair?
It is the voice of children,
Condemned by brutal greed
To spend the day in tending
Machines with aching speed.

3. The evening shades are calling
The children to return;
The mother asks in sorrow
Why they so little earn.
Did God decree her anguish
And make her burden grow?
No, greed has cut the pay-roll
And turned her joy to woe.

4. The midnight hour is striking,
A doleful, sombre tone,
To muffle with its bleakness
The weary worker's moan.
Why is his life so dreary,
Why joy to sorrow turned?
Injustice makes him weary
By keeping what he earned.

5. Another sun is rising
To sweep the gloom away.
What makes his face so smiling,
Why seem the clouds so gay?
They see what loving brothers
Thru energy achieve,
How sympathy for others
Their burden will relieve.

Together

G. KUNZE, 1840

1. When will the folk up - ris - ing Their an-cient fet-ters break? When

will they firm u - ni - ting Their he - ri - tage re - take? *Fine*

Thro' a - ges long for - got - ten Ap - pal - ling was their load, For

id - ler reapt the har - vest The wea - ry work - er sowed.

2. In lonesome mine they grovel,
 They toil in dingy mill,
 In summer sun they garner,
 In winter wind they chill.
 But after bitter ages
 Of hunger and despair
 Together they are banding
 In what they make to share.

3. Would ye be slave no longer?
 Thy valor, then, must show
 That those who live by labor
 Demand the grain they sow.
 In doing never falter,
 In shadow never grieve,
 Till all the host of labor
 Their heritage receive.

4. With calm unflinching courage
 Meet every telling test,
 Till all the joy of culture
 By worker is possessed.
 Till all mankind uniting,
 Together onward move,
 And make the world tomorrow
 Resound with brother love

Democracy Triumphant

29

O FILII ET FILIAE

Old French Melody

Not too slow

unison

Fine

1. Al - le - lu - ia, — Al - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia,

harmony

To-day Hu-man-i - ty_ a-wakes, With world de-grad-ing wrong she breaks.

D.C.

For li-ber-ty_ her all she stakes. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Democracy its goal has won,
Defeats the faithless, brutal Hun,
Autocracy its race has run.
Alleluia!

3.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Ideals win the world today,
World sympathy all people sway,
World brotherhood has come to stay.
Alleluia!

4.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
No more shall men each other fight,
No more shall wrong obstruct the right,
No more shall hate our nature blight
Alleluia!

5.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
With freedom are all nations blest,
The weak are not by strong oppressed,
Nor talent by self praise obsessed.
Alleluia!

6.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Great God of spirit world the King,
To Thee we grateful tribute bring,
And ages long Thy praises sing.
Alleluia!

Hail! Woman Triumphant

PORTUGUESE HYMN

ANON, 1751

1. Hail! Wo-man Tri-umph-ant! God grant thy ap - peal For free-dom of
 act - ion, For cul-ture and weal. No bro-ther hath vis-ion Who
 doth not re - vere — The sis-ter who stri-veth To broad-en her
 sphere. Hail, wo-man for - ev - er vic - tor - i - ous, hail. A-men.

2.

Hail! Woman Triumphant!
 Rejoicing we see
 The glow of the morrow
 Reflected in thee.
 As comrades together
 Was victory won,
 Now each for the other
 Sees justice is done.
 Hail, woman forever victorious, hail.

3.

Hail! Woman Triumphant!
 Full honor to thee,
 Most pleasing thy welcome,
 Co-ruler to be.
 Go forth on thy mission
 The world to redeem,
 Glad hearted, proclaiming
 Let love be supreme.
 Hail, woman forever victorious, hail.

4.

Hail! Woman Triumphant!
 In all she aspires,
 With broadness of vision
 To match her desires.
 A life full of promise
 And deeds to employ,
 O Woman, thy aptness
 Makes living a joy.
 Hail, woman forever victorious, hail.

5.

Hail! Woman Triumphant!
 Deserving renown,
 Both beauty and honor
 Ye wear as a crown.
 Thro' joyous creation,
 Thy genius display,
 We yearn for salvation,
 O bring it to-day.
 Hail, woman forever victorious, hail.

World Love

31

ITALIAN HYMN

FELICE GIARDINI, 1769

1. In tri-umph come, world-love, World fel-low - ship im - prove,
World cheer dis-play. May free-dom glo - ri-ous And right vic-to-ri-ous
Ur-bane-ly rule o'er us, All mo-tive sway. A - men.

2.

Come, World Democracy,
Against autocracy
In battle clash,
And be it thy delight
Equality and right
Like meteor at night
World wide to flash.

3.

Come, Brotherhood of Men,
Bring harmony and then
World service blaze,
Bid all the mighty throng
Who to thy realm belong
Triumphant join in song,
World love to praise.

4.

Come, Federated Earth,
To guard the priceless worth
Of liberty,
O, may the vision old,
By prophet long foretold,
One shepherd and one fold,
Be ours to see.

5.

Come, World Humanity,
Our beacon light to be
Forever more,
Fruit of thy victory
May we in blossom see,
And thru eternity
Hail and adore.

The Scarlet Taint

THE SCARLET SARAFAN

WARLAMOFF
Russian Folk Song

1. Do you live a sel-fish life, Think on-ly of your gain? All your wealth ta -

boo shall be That comes thro' oth-ers' pain. {2. See you not the bur - den Your
{3. While to-day you're mer - ry, With

deeds on oth-ers lay? What you spend for pleas-ure, They in sor-row pay.)
on - ly self to please, Com-ing woe will teach The wrong of gil-ded ease.)

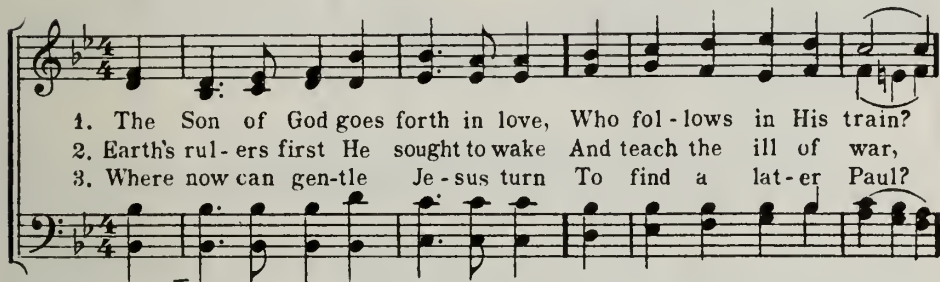
4. When at length good for-tune From your sides shall flee, You will know that rich-es

Are but van-i - ty. You will know that rich - es — Are but van-i - ty.

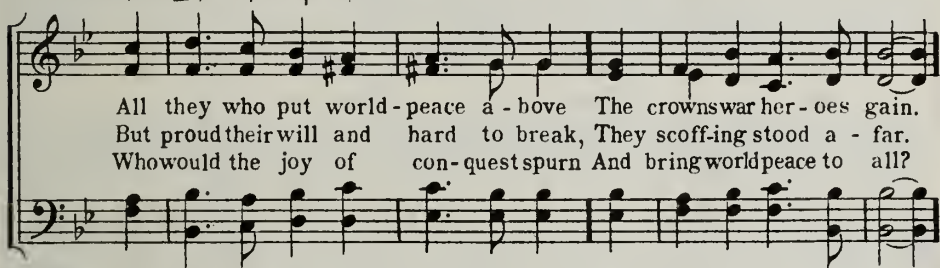
Who Follows In His Train?

The Son of God goes forth to War

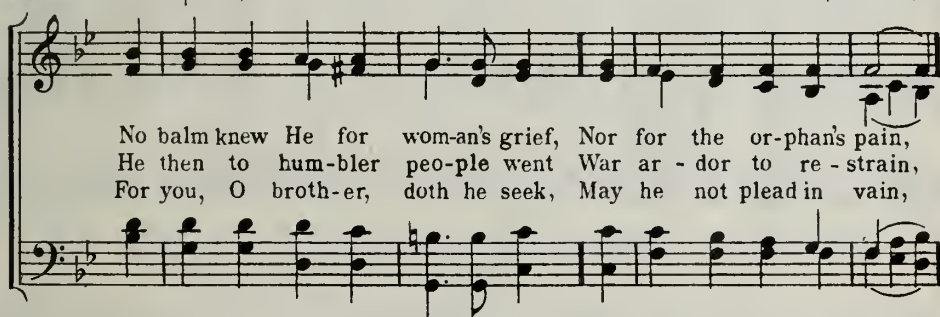
HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872



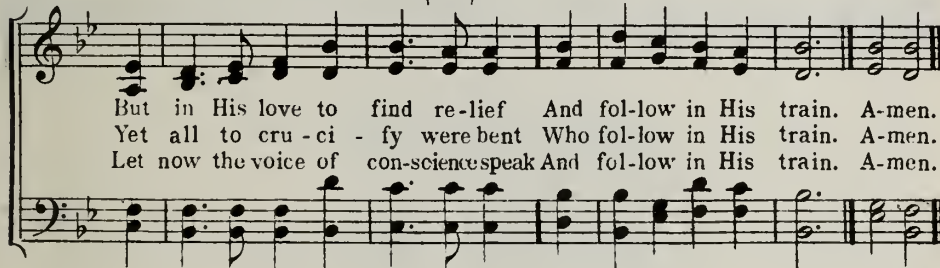
1. The Son of God goes forth in love, Who fol-lows in His train?
 2. Earth's rul-ers first He sought to wake And teach the ill of war,
 3. Where now can gen-tle Je-sus turn To find a lat-er Paul?



All they who put world-peace a-bove The crown-war-her-oes gain.
 But proud their will and hard to break, They scoff-ing stood a-far.
 Who would the joy of con-quest spurn And bring world peace to all?



No balm knew He for wom-an's grief, Nor for the or-phan's pain,
 He then to hum-bler peo-ple went War ar-dor to re-strain,
 For you, O broth-er, doth he seek, May he not plead in vain,



But in His love to find re-lief And fol-low in His train. A-men.
 Yet all to cru-ci-fy were bent Who fol-low in His train. A-men.
 Let now the voice of con-sciences speak And fol-low in His train. A-men.

4. O scarlet sunbeam, flash my song,
 World echo, for me sing,
 And tell to earth's war-weary throng
 The joy world peace will bring.
 Relentless feuds will vanish then
 Uncivic hatreds wane,
 For all mankind are happy when
 They follow in His train.

The Peace Of Jesus

GERMAN MELODY

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839

1. Thy love, O Precious Sav-ior, Thy ten-der thoughtful care
2. De - spite the roar of can-non Or world a - harm-ing threat

Thy blame-less life and cour-age We all would glad-ly share.
We turn to Thee for coun-sel, From Thee we safe-ty get.

Where hu-man hearts are beat-ing And striv-ing for the right,
By pre-cept and ex-am-ple Teach us to an-swer mild,

There Thou are fond-ly seek-ing To lead them to the light. A-men.
May taunt and an-gry tram-ple By smile be re-con-ciled. A-men.

3.

War loving folk still clamor
The victor's badge to show,
But nobler far the grandeur
That kindly deeds bestow
Our honor needs no battle,
Our fortress has no wall,
What if our foes are banding,
Our God is God of All.

4.

In Thy own image fashion,
World comrades of us make,
Subdue the flash of passion,
Our clannish spirit break.
Help righteousness to prosper,
Help love in power expand
Till folk with folk uniting
Become one fatherland.

In Land Where Love Abides

35

MILES LANE C.M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779

Har. by JOHN B. DYKES, 1861

1. While de-mon hate un - leashing war Thro' Eu-rope bold-ly
strides, Good will and cheer thy mon-arch are In land where
love, world love, world love, world love a - bides. A-men.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 indicating the start of each line of the first verse.

2. With eager zeal she plans for peace,
The world to safety guides,
Old battle-cries forever cease
In land where love, world love, world
love, world love abides.
3. Regardless of the loss or gain
For righteousness she sides,
No brutal deed would honor stain
In land where love, world love, world
love, world love abides.
4. When helpless people make appeal
She genially provides,
Each bleeding wound would quickly heal
In land where love, world love, world
love, world love abides.
5. America, behold thy task,
World prophecy fulfill,
World fellowship thy people ask,
World freedom, freedom, freedom,
freedom firmly will.

Eden

O TANNENBAUM

1. I reach at length the land long sought Where wist - ful wish its

will hath wrought, Weird, wan - ton, won - der work - ing wolds, Whose

REFRAIN
mag - ic mist my Mak - er molds. Su - perb in charm, su -

preme in cheer, Hail, Ev - er hail, my home is here.

2. Thru cold uncanny climes I crash,
Thru dreary, doleful desert dash,
To gain the garden glebe aglow,
Where gathered grain to garner go.

REFRAIN

4. Enthroned there throve a towering throng
Soul swaying choirs compete in song
Beyond the beaming beryl bound
Intense the tone of triumph sound.

REFRAIN

3. Here heave high mountains, miles of snow,
View valley veiled in velvet glow,
Bold babbling brooks go bubbling by,
Life losing leaves alluring lie.

REFRAIN

5. With joy I join the genial troupe
The guild where gifted gladly group
Amid the mighty masses stand
Who long have loved this laughing lard.

REFRAIN

6. Here gracious good and glory gleam,
On forest, field and flashing stream
Here kindly, kingly, crystal deeds
My soul to ceaseless sunshine speeds.

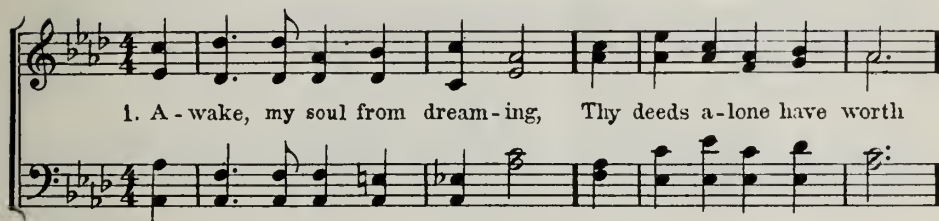
REFRAIN

Awake From Dreaming

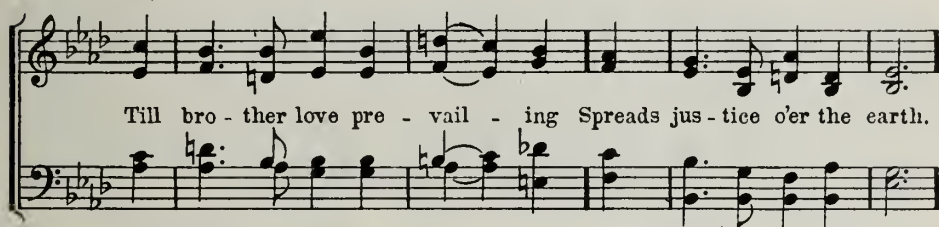
37

ALFORD

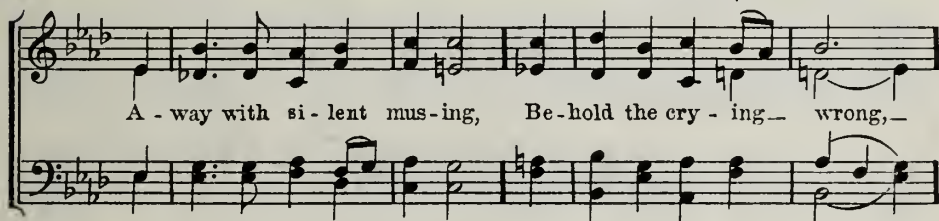
JOHN B. DYKES, 1875



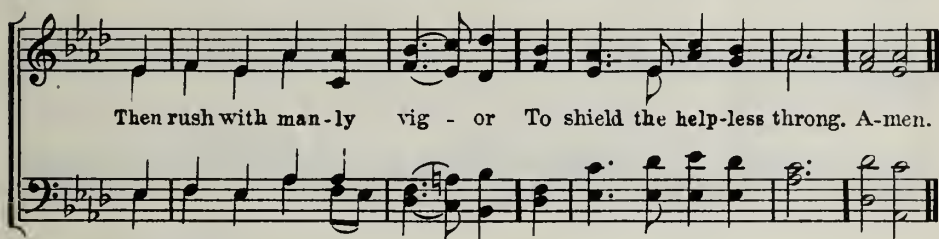
1. A - wake, my soul from dream - ing, Thy deeds a - lone have worth



Till bro - ther love pre - vail - ing Spreads jus - tice o'er the earth.



A - way with si - lent mus - ing, Be - hold the cry - ing - wrong, -



Then rush with man - ly vig - or To shield the help - less throng. A - men.

2. Fierce be thy righteous anger
Against unsocial deeds,
Yet show thy loving spirit
By serving modern needs.
The masses slowly climbing
Need friendly aid and cheer,
Be earnest in your striving
Their upward way to clear.

3. All hearts are gladly beating
In hope of better things,
We look with wistful longing
To what the future brings.
No task can make us weary,
No spectre haunts the way,
For now the glow of morning
Reveals the coming day.

4. By courage and clear vision
Dispel the gloom of night,
Behold a world is forming
Where wrong shall yield to right.
With numbers fast increasing
And banner wide unfurled,
Move onward, never ceasing
Till love has won the world.

The Promised Day

CREATION

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798

1. O broth-er from your slum-ber wake. Be-hold yon loom-ing glo-ry break,

Let yes-ter-gloom in ter-ror_ flee_ Be-fore to_ mor-row's ma-jes - ty.

The day when each for oth-ers care, And all_ in na-ture's boun-ty share,

come on, come on, long prom-is'd day, Dawn as _ a star_ to light our way. A-men.

2.

O brother by thy deeds prepare
A heritage long ages share.
Thru us the blood of heroes flow,
From dust we came, to God we go.
Together shall we mount the height
Where gleams a friendly guiding light.
Come on, come on, long promised day,
Dawn as a star to light our way.

3.

O, God Almighty, King of Earth,
Restore to men their rights by birth,
Reward Thy people with the power
To make earth blossom like a flower.
A genial viron help them make,
Of every joy bid them partake.
Bring on, bring on the promised day,
A flashing star to light our way.

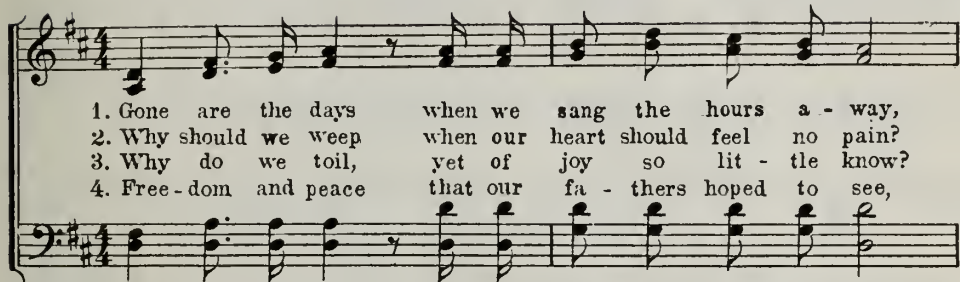
4.

O. great the joy of living then
When earth abounds in eager men,
Who shall effective ways, devise
To teach their brother how to rise.
All work is joy, no cares disnay,
Complete our bliss in every way.
Gladly we greet thee, promised day,
Lighting the dawn to cheer our way.

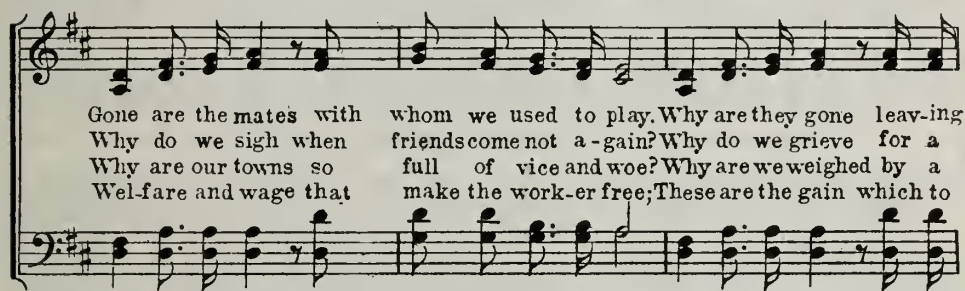
The Blight Of Rum

OLD BLACK JOE

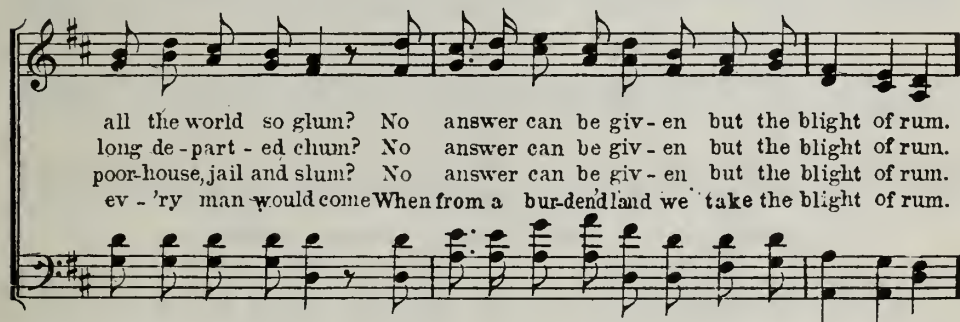
STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. Gone are the days when we sang the hours a - way,
 2. Why should we weep when our heart should feel no pain?
 3. Why do we toil, yet of joy so lit - tle know?
 4. Free - dom and peace that our fa - thers hoped to see,

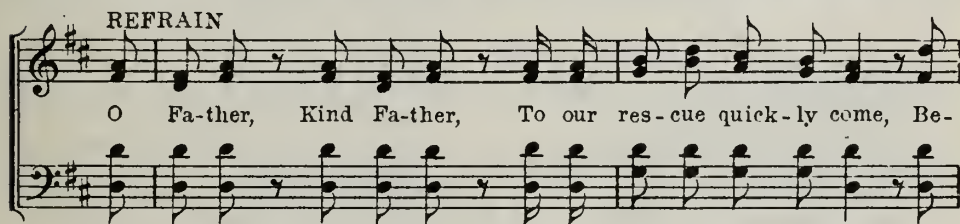


Gone are the mates with whom we used to play. Why are they gone leav - ing
 Why do we sigh when friends come not a - gain? Why do we grieve for a
 Why are our towns so full of vice and woe? Why are we weighed by a
 Wel - fare and wage that make the work - er free; These are the gain which to

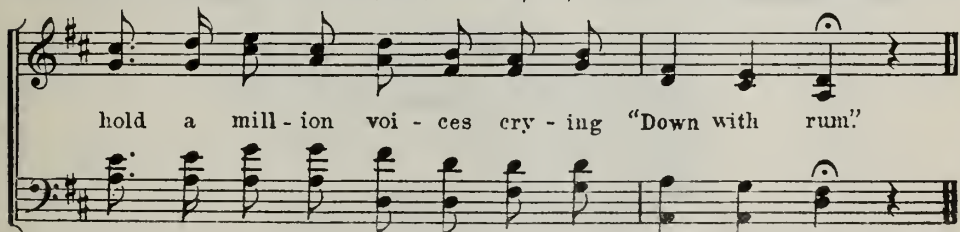


all the world so glum? No answer can be giv - en but the blight of rum.
 long de - part - ed chum? No answer can be giv - en but the blight of rum.
 poor - house, jail and slum? No answer can be giv - en but the blight of rum.
 ev - 'ry man would come When from a bur - den - land we take the blight of rum.

REFRAIN



O Fa - ther, Kind Fa - ther, To our res - cue quick - ly come, Be -



hold a mill - ion voi - ces cry - ing "Down with rum!"

Atlantic

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. No joy so keen as o-cean beauty, No view so grand; Wild dash and splash thy
on-ly du-ty. Save rumbling o'er the sand; Huge billows growing, going cheer me,
Melting in foam, While memories of ease en-dear thee, Tho' far a-way I roam.

REFRAIN

O At-lan-tic, come, I wea-ry, Lad-en down with care:—
Once more re-vive and make me cheer-y, Breath-ing thy balm-y air.

2.

When wild hibernal waves cease pounding
'Neath frozen pier,
Then milder winds their music sounding
Show bonny spring is near;
My dream the ocean beach unfolding,
Cheer everywhere.
Rouses abiding joy beholding
Frolic all people share. (Ref.)

3.

Hark! Now the merry bells are ringing,
Easter they bring;
Hail! Happy throngs so gaily singing
Of odor bearing spring
O, how we yearn for balmy weather,
Breezes request,
Bringing a mighty host together
Who pine for ocean rest. (Ref.)

4.

When autumn brown once more returning
Draws me away,
I homeward journey, keenly yearning,
Ever by thee to stay.
Farewell, Atlantic, great my pleasure
Of thee to sing,
I come again to seek thy leisure
Whence healing tonics spring. (Ref.)

Repentance

(Tune : Old Folks at Home)

1.

All thru my youth was I enjoying
 My vain caprice,
 Folk of the town was I annoying,
 Never did riot cease,
 Why did I leave my home unheeded.
 Chose garish joy,
 Where mother love was badly needed,
 Guiding her wayward boy.

CHORUS

All the world was tempest drearful
 When I broke with home,
 Today it is a place most cheerful,
 For Christ to me has come.

2.

Earth's most distorted path I wended
 Pleasure to know.
 Each wild caprice was sadly ended,
 Ever down, down I go,
 Yet as a grasping demon sought me
 Mid ocean's roar,
 The gentle hand of Jesus brought me
 Safely from storm to shore.

CHO.

3.

Upon an ever smiling river
 Sail I away,
 Reaching the realm of God, the Giver
 Of universal day.
 My home shall be a rosy garden,
 Far, far above,
 When from my sin I gain a pardon
 All thru my Savior's love.

CHO.

4.

Now all the world are coming hither,
 Seeking Thy peace,
 Hoping that every woe may wither,
 Bringing a glad release.
 Eternal joy shall flow forever
 Replacing grief,
 Thine be the praise, O loving Savior,
 For giving us relief.

CHO.

Savior Love

HURSLEY

 P. RITTER, 1792
 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

1. O Sav-ior Love, O Life Be-nign, All else is naught-if
 Thou-art mine, A-bove the clouds- Thy glo-ries rise,
 Thy splen-dor shades- the star-lit skies. A-men.

2.

Thy genial smile, Thy wholesome cheer
 Makes troubling woe as joy appear,
 The darkest night becomes as day
 When Savior Love its powers display.

4.

If some poor wandering soul forlorn
 Heed not when danger signals warn,
 To him Thy message would I bring,
 A safety line to him would fling.

3.

O Model of the life supreme
 Who gladly would the world redeem,
 Some of thy virtue me impart,
 Some test to show my willing heart.

5.

To Afric's heated land I'd go
 That black may of redemption know,
 To far Japan I'd make my way
 And ev'rywhere thy joy display.

6.

To greater glory onward lead,
 The coming day of rightness speed,
 Bring choicest viands from above,
 A harvest day where all is love.

Teach us Thy Secret

VENI CITO

JOHN B. DYKES, 1872

1. O gra-cious Mas-ter with me walk And of Thy craft more free-ly

talk, Un - fold the wis-dom of — Thy reign, How ser - vice

REFRAIN

doth the mas-ter train. Teach me Thy se - cret how — like —

Thee World ser-vant yet world mas - ter be. A - men.

2.

Of needed toil help me to bear
Not only mine but others' share,
When faltering brothers blindly stray
May I be swift to show the way.

REF.

3.

Help me the hearts of men to move,
My growing zeal thru deeds to prove,
For others all my strength to give,
Yet for eternity to live.

REF.

4.

O haste the day when all may walk
And in Thy presence freely talk
When naught is secret, naught unknown.
For servant has to master grown.

REF.

5.

Triumphant love attains its end
When work and toil to joy ascend,
This knowledge brings Elysian cheer,
For he who serves is still our peer.

REF.

Now is Thy secret clear to me
World servant yet world master be.

God's Dwelling Place

MESSIAH

Arr. fr. GEO. F. HÄNDEL, 1741

1. With - in, with - out, my Mak - er dwells

A mi - ra - cle be - nign, To pu - ri - ty and

worth im - pels And makes His glo - ry mine. A - men.

2.

More bright than sun His eager face,
More fleet than deer His speed,
But greater far His tender grace
To those who feel His need.

4.

To all my kin he would extend
World brotherhood and peace.
Ancestral malice would He mend,
From morbid hate release.

3.

In hour of woe he is a balm
To heal my bleeding heart,
His presence brings a genial calm,
To life fresh hopes impart.

5.

By this I know my Maker lives.
His touch is everywhere.
Fresh verdure to the hills he gives,
To men redeeming care.

6.

Today I feel His mighty power,
The breath of all divine.
In grace I grow from hour to hour,
Because His love is mine.

The Call of Love

MADISON

J. FARMER

1. Come love su-preme come near-er me, En-cir-cle with thy pur-i-ty

And make my heart with ar-dor glow For all a-bove and all be-low. For-ev-er would I

thee ex-tol Make other's joy my on-ly goal, Throw sor-row, pain and cross a-way

Refrain
That love im-mor-tal tri-umph may. Tho' worlds de-cay, still love will sway.

2.

Sun of my soul, come nearer me,
My cherished guide forever be.
In calm disdain of every woe
I sing thy praise where e'er I go.
More than the grail of ancient quest
Thy genial smile evokes my best.
Thru every age, in every clime,
The merry bells of love shall chime.

3.

Come, nearer brother, nearer me
Where naught divides my soul from thee.
Diverse are we in race and speech,
In every doctrine men may teach,
Yet when in comradeship we band
And each the other understand,
In glee we throw our hate away
That love may sway, that love may sway.

4.

Nearer to thee, God, nearer thee
Thru all the vast eternity
That stretches endless on before
And has for men an ample store
Of greater things than he had thought
Could by the universe be wrought.
Amid these splendors would I stay,
For there triumphant love will sway.

Will Divine

BENEDICTION

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

1. Come, Will Di-vine, and rule with-in my heart. Lift it from earth to
Thy own su-per-realm, In-stead of weak-ness ample strength im-part,
Thy foes and mine com-plete-ly o-ver-whelm. A-men.

2. Teach me to yearn for what is far above,
To flame with passion for Thy holy cause,
Make all my deeds to gleam with brother love,
To feel the pulse that to Thy service draws.
3. Put in my heart Thy own impulsive zeal,
For future brotherhood my all to stake,
That I may work for other people's weal,
Some ample outlet for my ardor make.
4. Help me to face the ills that most annoy,
To bear my daily burden free from plaint;
To rise above my woes and find my joy
In work among my brothers weak and faint.
5. To Thee in bonds that will forever cling
My willing heart in full submission bind,
In mercy give some solace which may bring
The peace I seek and only in Thee find.
6. How long to shudder from wild winter's blast,
How long must I in utter darkness grope?
So long will my undaunted courage last,
So long shall I for Thy approval hope.

In Contrite Mood

M. COSTA

47

NOCTURN

Adapted by J. GOSS

1. God, we come in contrite mood, Full of love and grat-i - tude For the gracious gifts be - stowed, For the ten - der mer - cy showed. Break with us the Bread of Life, Chas - ten with Thy prun - ing knife. Give a _ will - ing, yearn - ing heart, Knowledge of Thy ways im - part, Shed Thy light on all we do, Help us be for - ever true.

2.
Pour Thy Spirit and Thy love
On us freely from above;
Many deeds we would forget,
Many more we do regret,
Yet salvation is our choice,
In Thy favor we rejoice.
Morn shall find us ever true,
Mid - day shall our vows renew;
E'en the eventide conveys
To Thy throne our joyous praise.

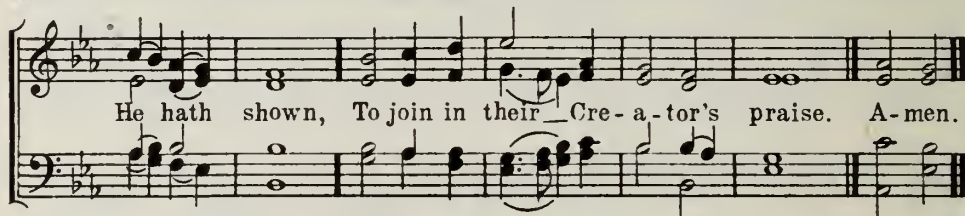
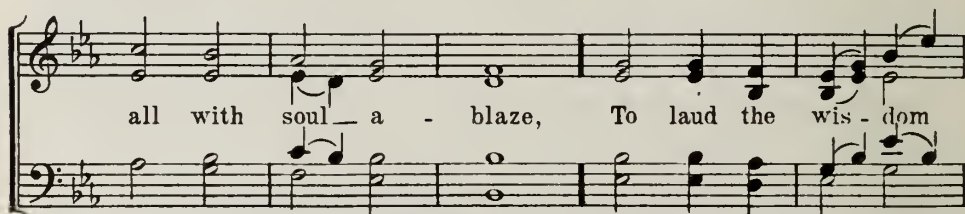
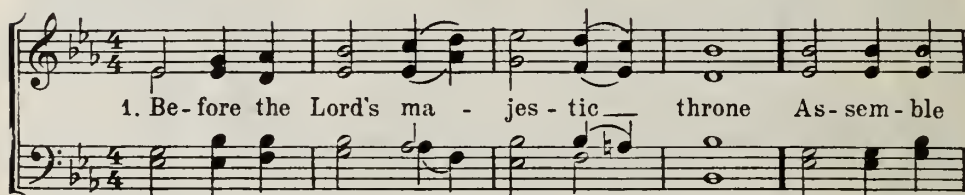
3.
We would think of others' good,
Welcome them in brotherhood,
We would serve our fellowman,
Raise his standard when we can,
Strive his welfare to advance,
Giving all an even chance.
Fill our heart with keen desire
Thy own spirit to acquire,
Ever may we show our worth,
Spreading justice on the earth.

4.
Teach us thro' unending days
All the beauty of Thy ways.
Cheer and comfort when in pain,
Help us strive when well again
To observe Thy whole command
Till we all in judgment stand.
Save us, then, the people save,
We Thy gracious pardon crave,
Not for throne nor crown, but love,
Seek we in the realm above.

Before the Throne

DUKE STREET

JOHN HATTON



2. He is the rock on which we stand,
Our haven when the storm clouds break,
The fiercest winds at His command
Like summer dreams their exit take.
3. Thru universe His law extends,
Thru all eternity His love,
Thru Him mere dust to soul ascends,
His wisdom looms all else above.
4. His handiwork the heavens are,
Each rolling orb by Him was made.
But greater yet than these by far
The tender mercy He displayed.
5. To soothe our woe He comes with speed,
Each towering wrong hath He o'erthrown,
He succors those who feel His need,
To debtor hath He kindness shown.
6. To Him we come with grateful heart,
In cheerful song our voices raise,
A countless host from every part
Shall crowd around His throne always.
7. Where beauteous scenes fresh courage give
Where ardent love may freely roam,
'Tis there O God that we would live
Forever more to be at home.

Mercy

HOSANNA LORD

ALAN GRAY

1. O God thy ten-der mer-cy show, On those who suf-fer grace be-stow.

A so-lace sweet help them to find, Which hear-ti - ly to Thee will bind.

After each stanz

For mer - cy we plead, Di-vine the pow-er, ours the need. A-men.

Org.

2. May each absorbing pain we feel,
For social work increase our zeal,
For when our soul to heaven mounts.
It's only what we leave that counts.
3. Take from our view the tempter's snare,
And give relief from passion's glare,
Let not mere shadows whet our fear,
Nor make mirages real appear.
4. Fears are but chaff that blow away,
And sorrows last but for a day,
While love and life, like sunny morn
Are ever more to us reborn.
5. Beneath the clouds now hanging low,
So full of pain and brutal woe,
A silver lining may we see
That lifts our thought from earth to Thee.
6. Revive our hope that we may know
A world where all in manhood grow,
Where pain no longer victims find,
For mercy comes our wounds to bind.

The New Zion

BEECHER

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Glorious are the prais-es spoken, Of thy boun-ty Mother Earth

Countless a-ges stretch un-broken Each to beau-ty giv-ing birth

Riv-u-lets thro' glen shadetrick-le, Flow-ers on their bor-der lie,—

Gold-en har-vests ripe for sick-le With the au-tumn co-lors vie. A-men.

2.

Here we gather at the altar
 Ages long thy prophets bowed,
 Who in duty now would falter,
 Fail to keep the pledge they vowed.
 Moses from Mount Nebo viewing
 Saw this beauty land afar,
 Here are we his sight renewing,
 Close upon its borders are.

3.

Clouds of glory there are Hovering,
 Messengers of wholesome cheer.
 From within their purple covering
 May our Maker soon appear.
 All the world proclaim His praises,
 Each a grateful tribute bring
 For the boundless love that raises
 Soul o'er self to reign as king.

4.

Beauteous vista we inherit,
 Chance our Maker's will to serve,
 Gained by love's transcendent merit,
 Not by what our deeds deserve.
 In our search for joyous pleasure
 Naught in beauty can compare,
 In our work and in our leisure
 Thou alone we cannot spare.

5.

With fresh beauty us environ,
 Back to Eden may we strive,
 Build around us Thy new Zion,
 Center where world love may thrive.
 Spread on festive board before us
 All the bounties of the earth,
 Then in kindness watching o'er us
 Thru our joy increase our worth.

Living Love

(Tune: Beecher)

1.

Living Love whose deeds amazing
Yield a richly earned renown,
Human hearts to rapture raising
Gleam as diamonds on Thy crown;
Vital spark to earth descending
Flashing forth as Love Divine,
Genial smiles to all extending
Make our joy resemble Thine.

2.

All the fire of Thy own spirit
Plant within each human breast,
Let us from Thy soul inherit
Of Thy talents all the best.
Beauteous all our nature fashion,
In Thy image may we grow,
On our error have compassion,
Healing grace and mercy show.

3.

Come from bondage to deliver,
For support we fondly yearn.
Help us make decision ever,
Thy good will thru service earn.
Burdenless from debt releasing,
Bring us to Thy throne above.
There with praises never ceasing
Glory in Thy perfect love.

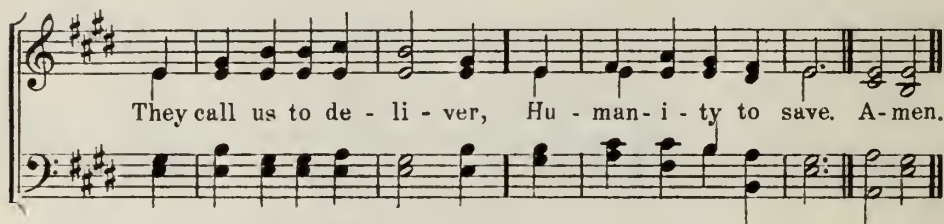
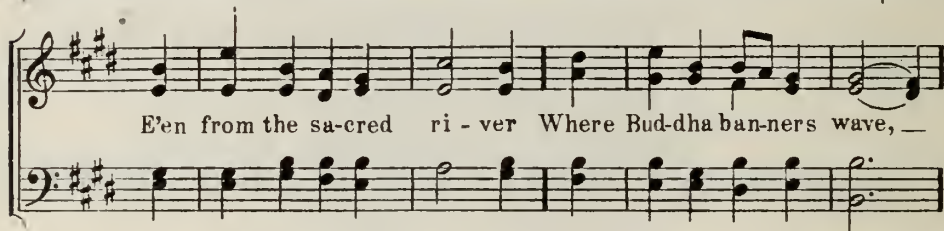
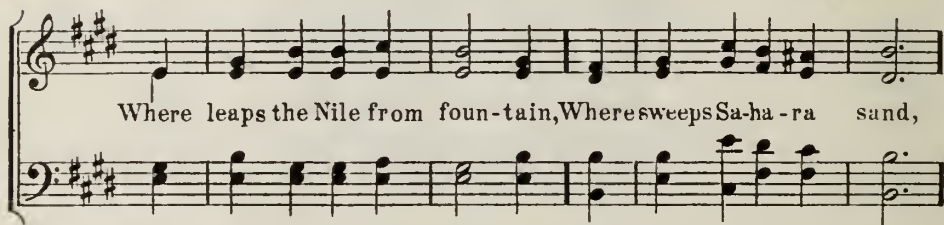
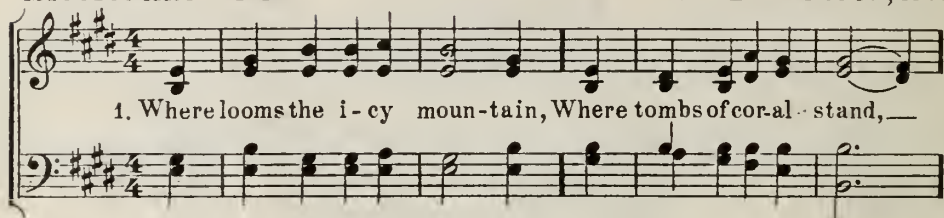
4.

Finish now Thy fond creation,
Last but best - O may we be
Free from evil inclination,
Full of zeal for serving Thee.
Brought from low estate to glory,
Meriting our new-found place.
May we ever stand before Thee,
Worthy of Thy love and grace.

Love's Mission

MISSIONARY HYMN

LOWELL MASON, 1823



2. What tho the balmy breezes
 Delicious odors bring?
 What tho the beauty pleases
 And birds their carol sing?
 In vain this gorgeous backing,
 This harmony of sound,
 If liberty is lacking,
 If misery abound.

3. To us has come the duty,
 The privilege and joy,
 To fill the world with beauty,
 For love our time employ,
 A harvest ripe for reaping
 Awaits our eager toil;
 Shall we continue sleeping
 While sheaves of grain may spoil?

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, be sender
 Of words that love extol,
 Ye waters, roll her splendor
 From north to southern pole.
 Yes, spread the wondrous story
 To every race and clan,
 Till they behold the glory,
 The joy love brings to man.

Come, Social Spirit

ST. AGNES

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866

1. Come, Soc - ial Spir - it, from a - bove With - in our
 hearts to dwell; Come shed a - broad Thy gen - ial love,
 To broad - er views im - pel. A - men.

2. Come as a spirit all aglow,
 With heartfelt love for man,
 Come as a prophet glad to show
 How God would earth replan.
3. Come as a light to help us grow,
 As deeds that would employ,
 To give fresh courage when we go
 In search of guileless joy.
4. In vain we lift our voice in song,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Unless we journey with the throng,
 With them reach Paradise.
5. Come, Social Spirit, from above
 Awake our dormant powers,
 Come, shed abroad Thy genial love,
 And then rekindle ours.

Haste, My Soul

AMSTERDAM

Attributed to JAMES NARES, 1742

1. Haste my soul thy flag un-furl, — Up heav-en's stair-case climb,

Tran-sient vis-ion from thee hurl — To reach the more sub-lime.

Gird thy loin and has-ten on, Let thy keen e-mo-tions sway,

That thy goal be nobly won — Thy ut-most do to-day. A-men.

2. Birds in winter seek the south,
Cold planets chase the sun.
Torrents haste from source to mouth,
The winds rash races run.
Thus my soul rush boldly on
With an ever quickening pace,
Only then is life begun
When we our Maker face.

3. Brother, this is not thy home,
Ye tarry but a night,
Darkness shall be overcome,
To-morrow brings the light.
Onward, then, in spite of care,
Worldly life contents no more,
Leava behind the charm and glare
That lured so oft before.

4. Yes, in voice of triumph cry,
Press toward the chosen goal,
Rise thro' acts that never die.
Thro' deeds that brace the soul.
On ye go thro' thick of night
Till the dawn appears once more,
Then, O God, show forth Thy might
And save us oft before.

Lord of All

CORONATION

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793

1. When rag-ing wind and blind-ing sleet The stout-est hearts ap - pal,

Hail Him who doth as pi - lot greet, And crown Him Lord of — all.

Hail Him who doth as pi - lot greet, And crown Him Lord — of all. A-men.

2.
For world improvement Jesus came,
To service doth He call,
Go forth to conquer in His name
And crown Him Lord of all,
Go forth to conquer in His name
And crown Him Lord of all.

3.
Awake, ye heroes of the race
To succor those who fall,
His doctrine teach in every place,
And crown Him Lord of all,
His doctrine teach in every place,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6.
With garland, banner, brilliant gem,
Bedeck the festive hall,
Make happy hearts His diadem,
The crowning crown of all,
Make happy hearts His diadem,
The crowning crown of all.

4.
Hail Him who hath our life relieved
Of bitterness and gall:
Give thanks for priceless gifts received
And crown Him Lord of all,
Give thanks for priceless gifts received
And crown Him Lord of all.

5.
Crown Him today for deeds of love
We gratefully recall.
Tomorrow with the host above
Recrown Him Lord of all,
Tomorrow with the host above
Recrown Him Lord of all.

By Jesus Led

ST. GERTRUDE

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872

1. When our Saviour pi - lots, Breaks the storm no more, Gold-en clouds de-scend-ing

Light the dis-tant shore. Where His spir-it lead - eth Haste with flag un-furld,

REFRAIN
Where His ser-vice need-eth There up-lift the world. Fill the world with beau - ty, -

Love's glad message spread, Glorious is thy tri-umph When by Je-sus led. A-men.

2. Help to others tender,
Righteousness uphold,
Strive that on the morrow
Love may all remold,
Feud cannot divide us
Nor can ill dismay,
Ours a faith of promise,
Bright the coming day.

3. Radiant with new purpose,
Urgent in thy quest,
Seek a world of beauty,
Love and honor blest.
Long may kindred prosper
Thro' the victory won,
Theirs unaging glory,
Thine the duty done.

4. Glorious to-morrow,
By the Throne we stand,
All creation singing
Alleluias grand.
Robed in fadeless splendor
Christ shall be our King,
Welcome, welcome, welcome,
Earth and heaven ring.

The Social Call

(Tune: Onward Christian Soldiers)

1. Rally, brothers, rally,
 Heed the social call,
 With the hope of progress
 Bringing cheer to all.
 Glad to be of service,
 On we joyous go,
 As we gain in vision
 May our ardor grow.

Refrain.

Rally, brothers, rally,
 Heed the social call,
 With the hope of progress
 Bringing cheer to all.

2. Brightly gleams the harvest
 In the morning sun.
 Showing to the worker
 What can now be done.
 Doing good for others,
 Weal and hope unite,
 Honor shows its beauty,
 Guarding others' right.
3. Working for a brother,
 Thy full skill bestow,
 Of reward or vantage
 Naught have we to show.
 Rescueing from darkness
 Make thy weal my own,
 Thine be all the profit,
 Mine the courage shown.-(*Ref.*)
4. Cultivate the spirit
 Love would have ye show,
 Lifting fallen brothers,
 Stifling human woe.
 Over all is Justice
 With fair scale to weigh
 What we do for others,
 What for mere display.-(*Ref.*)
5. Never fail when duty
 Brings a struggle keen,
 Always strike with ardor
 When the truth is seen.
 Yet to all be loving,
 Harmony increase,
 Bringing men together
 In eternal peace.-(*Ref.*)

The Watchers

CHRISTMAS

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1728
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. While shep-herds watch-ing flocks by- night Would more of hea-ven
know, A — fig - ure from the stars was form'd And
came to them be - low,— And came to them be - low. A-men.

2. To them in pleasing voice He spoke,— 5. When this was said, an echo came
From God above I come From some enraptured throng,
A loving message to repeat Whose voices rose in gladsome praise
And tell you of His Son. Of this fair child in song.
3. To you this day in Bethlehem 6. Come, long expected child of God,
Is born a child divine, Our hope and stay Thou art;
Who from their burdens men shall free, Thy timely birth awakes the earth,
Like gold their hearts refine. Brings joy to every heart.
4. Behold, a manger poorly lain 7. Rejoice, for now the day has come,
Which to the world displays, By prophets long foretold,
A Child of heavenly parentage, When love and peace on earth may dwell,
Whose beauty doth amaze. Their glory to unfold.
8. O Happy Child, thro' culture grow
To manhood's full estate,
Thy beauty, grace and character
Shall a new world create.

Resolution

59

NACHTLIED

HENRY SMART, 1872

1 O sink - ing sun, that goes in sor - row down — With gloom - y

face and dark en - circ'ling frown; O wear - y world, we flee in wild dis - may,

As drear bleak sha - dows block our on - ward way. Thy taunt - ing dread we

face, yet shall a - bide, Be - hold the day that has no ev - en - tide. A - men.

2. O midnight hour, when all seems total loss,
 Uncanny spectres flit the sky across;
 As mantled stars increase the mystic gloom
 And raven's croak announce some dismal doom,
 E'en then we mutely feel our God is nigh
 And yearn to hear: "Fear not, for here am I!"
3. O rising sun, whose arrows red with fire,
 Shoot through the clouds that yielding show their ire;
 O coming dawn, that lights the distant hill
 And would the genial prophet dream fulfill;
 Fire all our souls with ever growing zeal
 To lift the world, its biting woes to heal.
4. O gentle, steadfast, long-abiding love,
 That lifts the soul from earth to realms above;
 O soul of life who never can be still,
 With courage yearns to do our Maker's will.
 Be evermore a friendly beacon light,
 To lead us on till heaven looms in sight.

Adoration

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861

1. Hail, all Hail, Je - ho - vah, God the Lord Al - migh - ty,

All the earth as - sem - ble, Thy proud name to mag - ni - fy,

Al - le - lu - ia, glo - ry, glo - ry al - le - lu - ia,

Won - drous Thy works that crown e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2. Hail, all Hail, Majestic Omnipresent spirit
 Source of joy and peace, of life and immortality,
 Alleluia, Glory, Glory, Alleluia.
 For rise of man from dust to liberty.
3. Hail, all Hail, Creator Bold, whence comes the cosmos,
 World wide fellowship and her twin mate equality
 Alleluia, Glory, Glory, Alleluia,
 One Faith, one Love and one Humanity.
4. Holy, Holy, Holy, ever we adore Thee
 Genial God in beauty first, and first in majesty.
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Heaven bows before Thee
 Sounding Thy praises thru eternity.

Sweet Alice

61

I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS
From "Bohemian Girl"

M.W. BALFE

1. En-wrapped in ros - y dream stroll I Where Somonauk re flects the sky
2. Yet weirder when in dream stroll I The moon - lit Somonauk close by
3. But now, in dream a - lone stroll I On Somonauk deep shadows lie
4. To - mor-row I'll not stroll nor dream Nor Somonauk up - on me gleam

With Al-ice, sweet Al-ice by my side, The joy of all — the country wide.
As Al-ice, sweet Al-ice did con-fide How great her joy to be my bride.
Her spir-it has to her Mak-er flown, While on her grave are flowers strown
'Neath tow - 'ring oak my bod - y lies, While off to Al-ice my spir-it flies.

I glad-ly see a grow-ing host As - sem-ble thro' her fame, —
In her may I great rich-es boast, Her pleas-ure is my aim, —
Tho' in an - oth - er life en-grossed All joy is hers to claim, —
When I be - fore Gods chos-en host My crown-ing wish pro - claim, —

For I feel, I know I please her most, That she loves me ev-er the same, That she
For I feel, I know I please her most, That she loves me ev-er the same, That she
Yet I feel, I know I please her most, That she loves me ev-er the same, That she
'Tis sweet Al-ice whom I yearn the most, For she loves me ev-er the same, For she

loves me, she loves me ev-er the same. That she loves me, she loves me ev-er the same.
loves me, she loves me ev-er the same. That she loves me, she loves me ev-er the same.
loves me, she loves me ev-er the same. That she loves me, she loves me ev-er the same.
loves me, she loves me ev-er the same. For she loves me, she loves me ev-er the same.

The Morning Star

EVENING STAR (Tannhäuser)

RICHARD WAGNER

p

1. In glow-ing
2. Im - mor - tal
3. With eag - er
4. O Morn-ing

East — be - hold — a star
hope, — a - gain — re - born,
pace — go bold — ly on,
Star, — de - liv - 'rance bring,

Bear - ing an
Blos - soms a -
Glad - ly to
En - vir - on

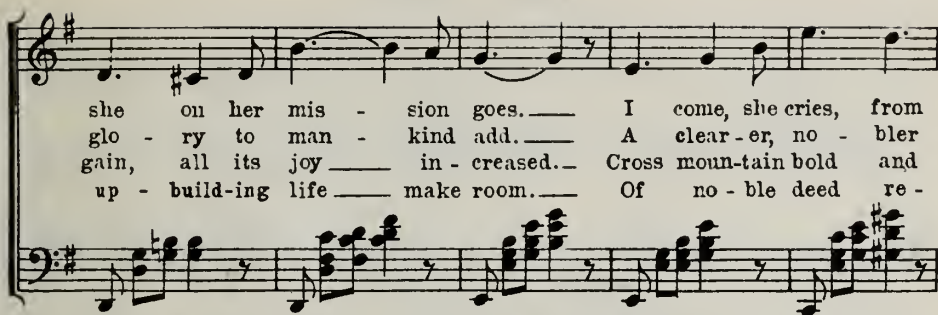
p

an - gel from — a - far,
new — this gen - ial morn,
greet — the com - ing dawn,
us — with ver - nal spring,

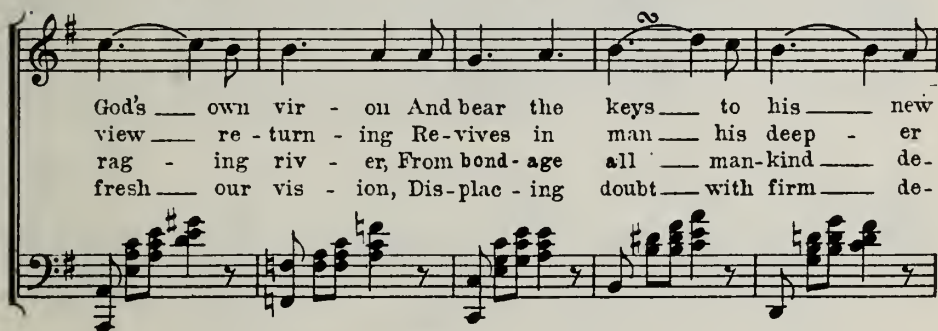
Her
With
Un -
Make

beam-ing face to all — dis - close
faith up-built, with heart — made glad,
lock the gates that bar — the East,
yes - ter toil to - mor - row bloom,

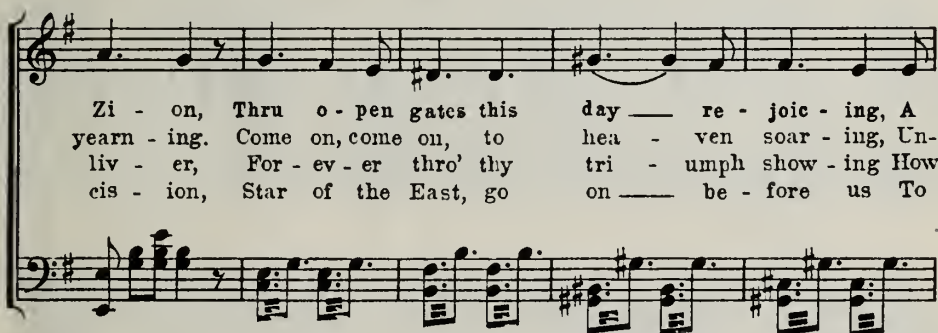
How hap - py
Ev - er new
Thy E - den
For cheer - ful



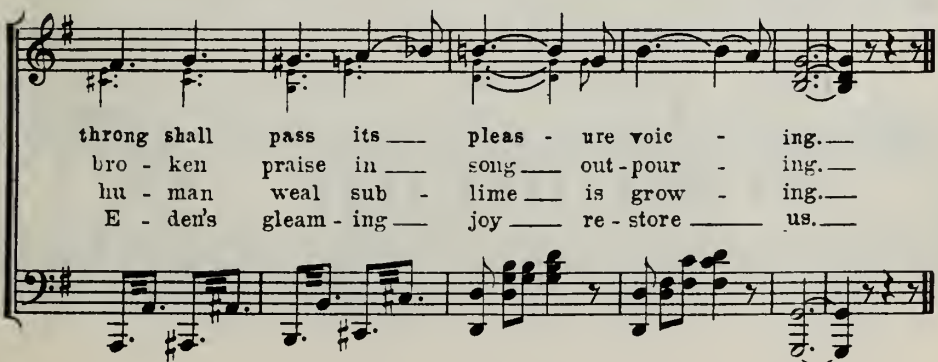
she on her mis - sion goes. — I come, she cries, from
 glo - ry to man - kind add. — A clear - er, no - bler
 gain, all its joy — in - creased. — Cross moun - tain bold and
 up - build - ing life — make room. — Of no - ble deed re -



God's — own vir - on And bear the keys — to his — new
 view — re - turn - ing Re - vives in man — his deep - er
 rag - ing riv - er, From bond - age all — man - kind — de -
 fresh — our vis - ion, Dis - plac - ing doubt — with firm — de -



Zi - on, Thru o - pen gates this day — re - joic - ing, A
 yearn - ing. Come on, come on, to hea - ven soar - ing, Un -
 liv - er, For - ev - er thro' thy tri - umph show - ing How
 cis - ion, Star of the East, go on — be - fore us To



through shall pass its — pleas - ure voic - ing. —
 bro - ken praise in — song — out - pour - ing. —
 hu - man weal sub - lime — is grow - ing. —
 E - den's gleam - ing — joy — re - store — us. —

The Dawn

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 89, No. 5

Vivace

f

^

1. How glad the morn-ing air doth greet
2. How per-fect seems the world to be
3. O gen-ial morn, that gleams before,

And fill my heart with ac-cents sweet As yes-ter gloom re-treat-eth!
 When vir-on, dream and thought-a-gree, All an-cient fear ef-fac-ing.
 Re-reflecting E-den's rad-iant shore In glo-ry naught a-bat-ing,

Now soul a-wake, thy zeal dis-play To ush-er in the glor-ious
 No more shall ruth-less war de-stroy, Nor wor-ry, pain, nor toil an-
 Thy vis-ta stands a soci-al pledge That more than prophet dare al-

sf *f*

day That earths ad - vance com - plet - - - eth.
 noy, The man to brute de - bas - - - ing.
 lege, For man is there a - wait - - - ing.

sf *f* *ff*

Red.

p

Hail, glor - ious dawn, e -
 Come, spir - it of the
 In thy full light I

tr

p

* *Red.* *

voke my zeal To fill the world with whole - some weal, Glad
 morn - ing light, Full - arm ed spring from breast of night, Its
 shall be free To roam a - bout in lib - er - ty. On

joy that is a - bid - ing. Some fruit-age bring, some
migh - ty chasmoër - leap - ing, To help me from my
eve - ry scene de -, light - ing. Each new found charme -

hope re - new, That gives to life a broad-er view, My
bond - age break, Lifes rest - less joy my share par take, True
- vokes a thrill, A - rous - es pas - sion, mood and will, To

cresc.

step more firm-ly guid ing.
to my na - ture keep - ing.
ef - fort bold in - vit - ing.

REFRAIN

Beau - ti - ful dawn, se - ra - phic flow, Thy price less gift on

me be - stow, My soul for life e - quip - ping

At break of day from bed I spring, To rouse the

birds that car - ols sing, While yet the dew is drip -

- ping While yet the dew is drip - ping, Thy

en - er - gy and life be - stow My soul for life e -

- quip - - ping My soul for life e - quip -

- ping

* Ped. * Ped. *

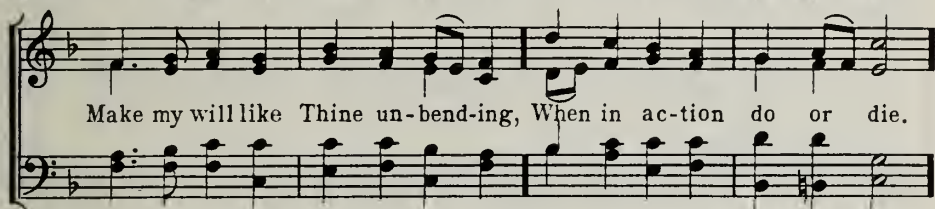
Liberty

AUSTRIAN HYMN

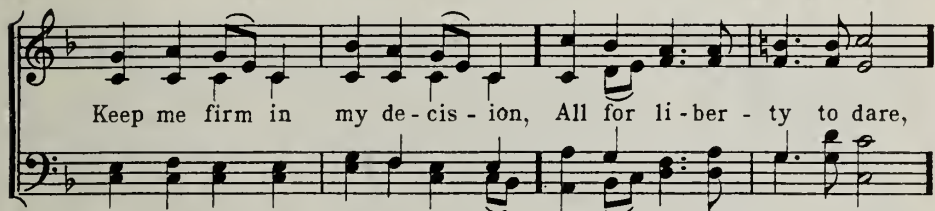
J. HAYDN, 1797



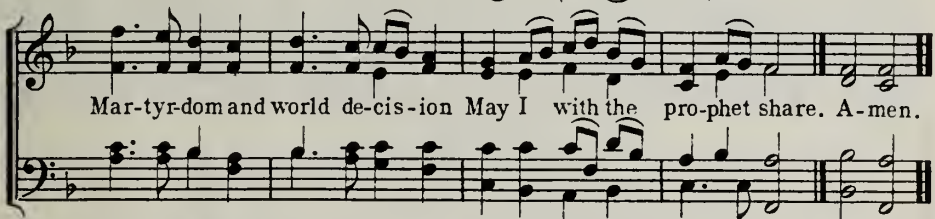
1. God of pur- pose all trans- cend- ing, Ar- chi- tect of earth and sky,



Make my will like Thine un- bend- ing, When in ac- tion do or die.



Keep me firm in my de- cis- ion, All for li- ber- ty to dare,



Mar- tyr- dom and world de- cis- ion May I with the pro- phet share. A- men.

2. But when each for other standing
 Democratic folk awake
 And in self defense are banding
 Autoeratic rule to break,
 Make it my compelling duty
 Death to face on battlefield,
 What is life without its beauty
 Liberty alone can yield?

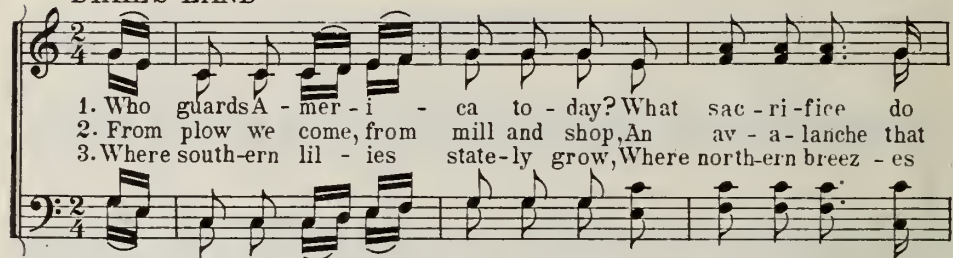
3. Will Supreme from heaven descending
 Save us from the brutal Hun,
 Help the nation in defending
 What our fathers nobly won;
 Not like dumbly driven cattle
 Would we flee when we should fight,
 Nor content as Kaiser chattel
 Yield a tribute to his might.

4. Hail the day of soul revulsion
 From the sloth of transient ease,
 Give our will intense compulsion,
 Less desire the mob to please.
 Then put life on freedom's altar,
 On while in us there is breath,
 In decision never falter,
 Strike for liberty or death.

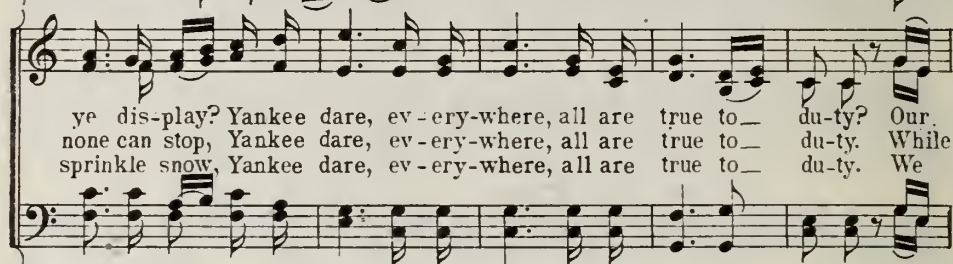
America Forever

DIXIE'S LAND

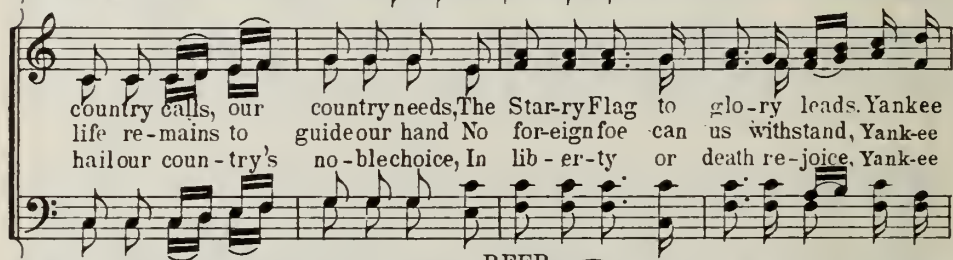
DAN EMMET



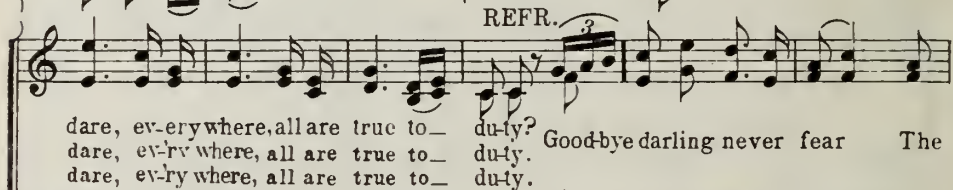
1. Who guards A - mer - i - ca to - day? What sac - ri - fice do
 2. From plow we come, from mill and shop, An av - a - lanche that
 3. Where south - ern lil - ies state - ly grow, Where north - ern breez - es



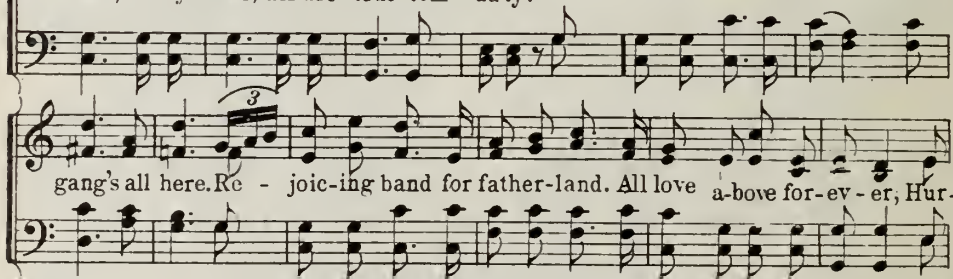
ye dis - play? Yankee dare, ev - ery - where, all are true to - du - ty? Our
 none can stop, Yankee dare, ev - ery - where, all are true to - du - ty. While
 sprinkle snow, Yankee dare, ev - ery - where, all are true to - du - ty. We



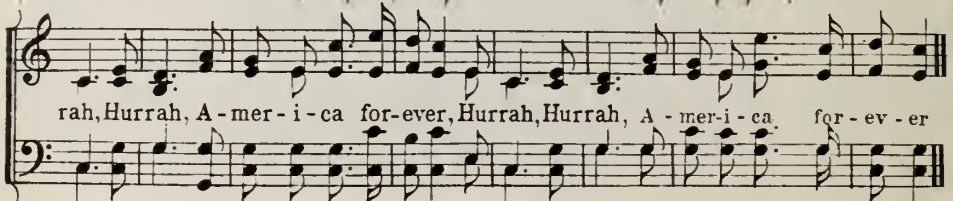
country calls, our country needs, The Star - ry Flag to glo - ry leads. Yankee
 life re - mains to guide our hand No for - eign foe can us withstand, Yank - ee
 hail our coun - try's no - ble choice, In lib - er - ty or death re - joice, Yank - ee



REFR.
 dare, ev - ery where, all are true to - du - ty? Good - bye darling never fear The
 dare, ev - ry where, all are true to - du - ty.
 dare, ev - ry where, all are true to - du - ty.



gang's all here. Re - joic - ing band for father - land. All love a - bove for - ev - er, Hur -



rah, Hurrah, A - mer - i - ca for - ever, Hurrah, Hurrah, A - mer - i - ca for - ev - er

Hail America

RUSSIAN HYMN

ALEXIS T. LWOFF, 1830

1. Hail, hail, A - mer - i - cal Nev - er sur - passed; Glo - ry

in thy free-dom ev - er to last. Light-ing the ag - es gone, thy

tri-umph will shine, Hail, hail, A-mer-i-cal The world re - fine. A-men.

2.

Hail, hail, America! Garner us now,
 Keen devotion we would cheerfully vow.
 From danger shield, endow with courage and will;
 Hail, hail, America! Our hope fulfill.

3.

Hail, hail, America! Cherished by all;
 Noble thy response when duty doth call.
 Be righteousness thy glory, justice thy crown,
 Hail, hail, America of high renown.

4.

Come, God Almighty, kind, patient and just;
 Come, O genial Father in whom we trust.
 Come, Truth Incarnate! all with service aglow;
 Save, save America, and weal bestow.

Mighty America

MATTHIAS KELLER, 1866

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN

1. Might-y A - mer-i - ca, grand to be - hold, Age aft-er
age may thy beau - ty un - fold, Bright-er than morndoth thy
pur - i - ty glow, Broad - er than o - cean thy sym-path-ies.
REFR. Might - y A - meri-ca. thy tri-umph we
flow hail, Bat - tling the breez - es world hon - or to save.
Nev - er in du - ty or hon - or we fail.
Long may thy ban-ner all glo - ri - ous wave. A - men.

2.

Mighty America, world giving light,
Pilot of nations upholding the right.
Justice thy measure, fair-dealing thy end
Freely thy treasure for others expend.
Thine be the honor thro' peace to expand
Making humanity one fatherland.

3.

Mighty America, noble and true,
Building the world of our fathers anew,
High shall humanity value thy deed,
Searching for chances relieving their need.
O what a pleasure world-planing may be,
Millions of people contented and free.

My Fatherland

HOLLAND NATIONAL HYMN

1. A-rise ye sons of li-ber-ty Who fierce-ly hate the wrong. Re -

new thy pledge of loy-al-ty, And land our land in song. Help her to bat-tle

for the right, For free-dom firmly stand Till all the folk of -

earth u-nite In one glad Fa-ther-land, In one glad Fatherland.

2. 3.

My father's life, my brother's blood
 Were shed to make us free;
 They faced the angry bullets' hiss
 To lift humanity.
 God grant us grace to be like them,
 For truth as firmly stand,
 Forever of thy honor think,
 My noble Fatherland.

Upbuild and bind in brotherhood
 Our country fair and free,
 Renew our faith and vision give
 Of what we long to be.
 Thy bounty bid my neighbor share,
 My sympathy expand,
 Make each of others fond, and spare
 My cherished Fatherland.

4.

O God, upon Thy throne above,
 Whom eager hearts adore,
 Endow us with Thy gracious love
 Both now and evermore.
 From foreign foe and troubling woe
 Defend with loving hand
 Thro' storm and stress forever bless
 My glorious fatherland.

First of All

GEORGE F. LE JEUNE, 1887

URBS BEATA

1. A - mer-i-ca all glor-ious To thee we homage vow, A - mer - i-ca vic-torious, Ac - cept our service now. From east to western ocean We ral-ly to thy call. And chant with keen de-vo-tion My coun-try first of all.

REFRAIN Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hu - rah! Hur - rah, Hurrah world plan - ner World li - ber - a - tor bel

All hail thy star-ry ban - ner And crown with vic-to - ry. A - men.

Org.

Thy' honor all would treasure
 Thy deeds would all adore
 To do thy will is pleasure
 While we our life outpour.
 Thy sons to glory wending
 From throne injustice hurl,
 Where freedom needs defending
 The Starry Flag unfurl.

Mid peals of vivid thunder
 Equality proclaim,
 Break every bond asunder
 That halts thy noble aim,
 One hope, one faith, one measure,
 No race or climate know
 One heritage to treasure
 And one allegiance show

4.
 Thy grandeur all excelling
 More beauty hath than morn,
 Thy people happily dwelling
 The universe adorn.
 Great mountains stand as sentry,
 Broad oceans guard thy door
 No foe can gain an entry
 While freedom lights our shore.

What is America to Be?

75

GUSTAVE REICHARDT, 1825

Arranged

1. What is A - mer - i - ca to be? A land of great fer -
 2. What is A - mer - i - ca to be? The home of thriv - ing
 3. What is A - mer - i - ca to be? A land where men to -
 4. All hail, A - mer - i - ca, all hail! The land where peo - ple

til - i - ty Where am - ple soil de - lights to show How
 in - dus - try Where lur - id flames from chim - neys pour And
 geth - er band To lift the weak, to guide the poor, For
 nev - er fail To suc - cor oth - ers in dis - tress And

bar - ley, wheat and corn may grow? Than this more grand Must be thy
 streets re - sound with traf - fic's roar? O no, no, no; A nob - ler
 all their kind fair play se - cure. All this, and then Thy boun - ty
 firm - ly stand for right - eous - ness. O, now I see What God in -

fu - ture Fa - ther - land, Must be thy fu - ture Fa - ther - land.
 fruit - age must we show, A nob - ler fruit - age must we show.
 share with oth - er men, Thy boun - ty share with oth - er men.
 ten - ded us to be, What God in - ten - ded us to be.

Lead On

ANNIE LAURIE

LADY JOHN SCOTT

1. A - mer - i - ca, thy glo - ry We place all else be - fore, In -

tensethy sons a - dore thee, Would serve thee ev - er - more. O

her - ald of the dawn, Thy lof - ty aim un - fold, Come

life or death we pro - mise Thy hon - or to up - hold.

2. America, thy duty
 Is boundless like the sea,
 Create a world of beauty,
 Upbuild humanity.
 Thy sacred honor pledge
 The rule of might to break,
 Resound the call of progress
 Till all the world awake.

3. America is blazing
 The path all nations go,
 America is raising
 Mankind above their woe.
 Lead on, lead on and strive
 Each coming age to mold,
 For evermore rejoicing
 World progress to behold.

Social America

77

AMERICA

Adapted by HENRY CAREY, 1740

1. Come, God with might-y hand, Thro' all our Fa - ther-land, Up-hold the

right. Where stands the noi - sy mill, Where clash - es hu - man will,

Where street and mar - ket thrill, In__ love u - nite. A - men.

2. With us, O God, reside,
For righteousness decide,
Thy culture bring.
Away with needless woe,
Bid sorrow cease to flow,
Would Ye a boon bestow,
Remove their sting.

3. May all our acts be just,
O cleanse our hearts from lust
And cruel greed.
May none their conscience soil
By taking aught as spoil
Their brothers won by toil,
And badly need.

4. Let each for others care,
May all in progress share,
Is our new song.
May social justice wake,
May all of weal partake
As they the shackles break
That held them long.

5. Yet higher realms, O God,
Than we have ever trod,
Extend before.
O may we all behold
These glories yet untold
As we our lives unfold
Forevermore.

Make America Thy home

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1741

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

ANTIOCH

1. God of our Fa - thers, Gracious King, With - in our
land re - side, Make us a - ware of ev - 'ry snare That
would thy folk mis - guide God of our Fa - thers
God
come; Make A - mer - i - ca thy home, Thy
of our Fa - thers come; Make A - mer - i - ca thy
home, A - mer - i - ca thy home. A - men.

2.
A fortress firm and mighty be
Where people flee from harm,
Where gloom and woe may never go
Nor battlery alarm.
God of our Fathers come;
Make America Thy home.

4.
Not as a haughty warrior come
With hand and mantle red,
But shepherd be who hastes to see
His cherished flock is fed.
God of our Fathers come;
Make America Thy home.

3.
No grief, no pain, no sad regret
Our growing faith can shake
Nor can the woe we undergo
Our trusting spirit break.
God of our Fathers come;
Make America Thy home.

5.
O bless the Lord, whose ways are just,
Thy weal to Him confide,
Forevermore His name adore.
Safe in His fold abide.
God of our Fathers come;
Make America Thy home.

God save the People

COMMONWEALTH

JOSIAH BOOTH

1. When wilt Thou save the peo-ple, O God of Mer-cy, when,
 Not king and lord, but na-tion, Not throne and crown, but men.
 Flower of Thy teem-ing heart are they, Let them not pass, like weed, a-way,
 No her-it-age but sun-less day, God save the peo-ple. A-men.

2.

Shall might be law forever,
 No victor but the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That right should yield to wrong?
 No, thunders heaven; no, earth cries,
 To-morrow's sun shall joyous rise,
 Redeeming song replacing sighs,
 God save the people.

3.

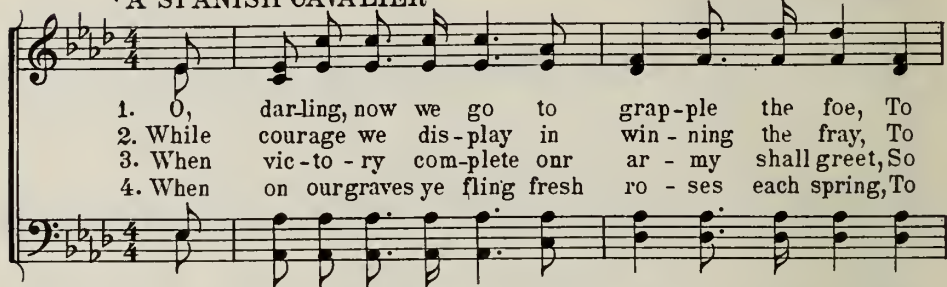
The people, O the people,
 O God, be kind to them,
 The people, O the people,
 Thy precious diadem.
 All men by birth Thy children are,
 Thy plenteous bounty bid them share,
 To home and viron make them heir.
 God save the people.

Revised from Ebenezer Elliott's original

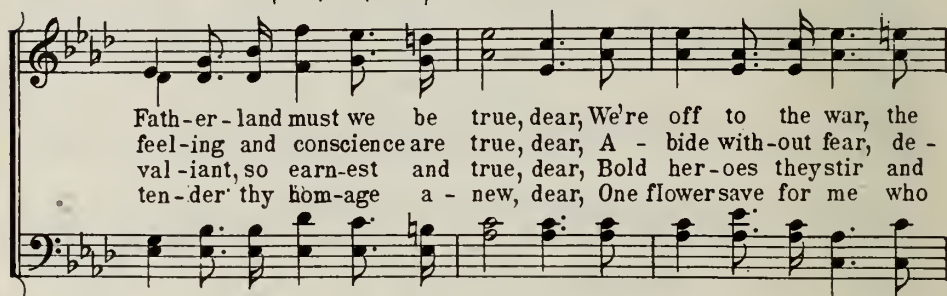
The Volunteer

* A SPANISH CAVALIER

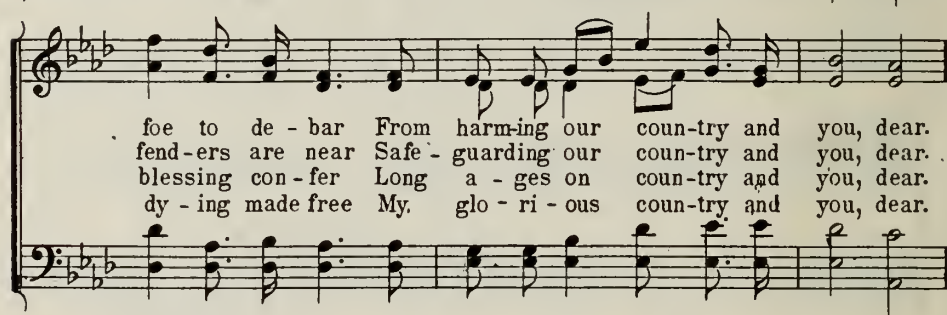
W. H. HENDRICKSON



1. O, darling, now we go to grap-ple the foe, To
 2. While courage we dis-play in win-ning the fray, To
 3. When vic-to-ry com-plete our ar-my shall greet, So
 4. When on our graves ye fling fresh ro-ses each spring, To



Fath-er-land must we be true, dear, We're off to the war, the
 feel-ing and conscience are true, dear, A-bide with-out fear, de-
 val-iant, so earn-est and true, dear, Bold her-oes they stir and
 ten-der thy hom-age a-new, dear, One flower save for me who

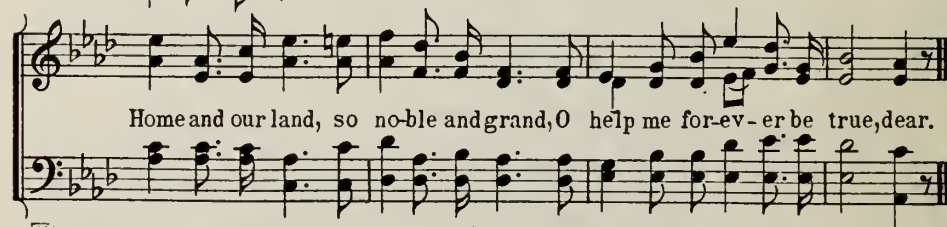


foe to de-bar From harm-ing our coun-try and you, dear.
 fend-ers are near Safe-guarding our coun-try and you, dear.
 blessing con-fer Long a-ges on coun-try and you, dear.
 dy-ing made free My glo-ri-ous coun-try and you, dear.

REFRAIN.



Ho, dar-ling ho, in fac-ing the foe, Love of our coun-try re-new, dear,



Home and our land, so noble and grand, O help me for-ev-er be true, dear.

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